

DULCY

By GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
and MARC CONNELLY



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DULCY

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

AND

MARC CONNELLY

(With a Bow to Franklin P. Adams)

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Produced by George C. Tyler and H. H. Frazee, at the Cort Theatre, Chicago, Feb. 20, 1921, with the following cast:

DULCINEA.....	<i>Lynn Fontanne</i>
GORDON SMITH, <i>her husband</i>	<i>John Westley</i>
WILLIAM PARKER, <i>her brother</i> ..	<i>Gregory Kelly</i>
C. ROGER FORBES.....	<i>Wallis Clark</i>
MRS. FORBES.....	<i>Constance Pelissier</i>
ANGELA FORBES.....	<i>Norma Lee</i>
SCHUYLER VAN DYCK.....	<i>Gilbert Douglas</i>
TOM STERRETT, <i>Advertising engineer</i>	<i>Elliott Nugent</i>
VINCENT LEACH, <i>Scenarist</i> ...	<i>Howard Lindsay</i>
BLAIR PATTERSON.....	<i>George Alison</i>
HENRY.....	<i>Harry Lillford</i>

Produced at the Frazee Theatre, New York, Aug. 13, 1921, with the same cast.

The Scene of the Three Acts is the living-room in the suburban home of DULCINEA and her husband.

ACT I. Just before dinner on a Friday night.

ACT II. Immediately after dinner.

ACT III. The following morning.

DULCY

ACT I

The scene is the living-room in the suburban home of DULCINEA and her husband—in Westchester County, within commuting distance of New York. There is a staircase, centre, leading down from R. to a platform, two steps above the stage. A tapestry hangs against the back wall over the platform. To the left of the stairway are two French windows, and there is another window in the upper end of the left wall, making a group of three. These windows look out upon a garden and house of one of DULCY'S neighbors. Separating the two properties is a balustrade. There is a door L.I leading off to the front hallway of the house. Below door is a side chair. Baby Grand piano and bench up L.C., also two side chairs and a stool. The piano is slightly diagonal, keyboard up-stage and more toward the centre of the room. Against the lower part of the bow of the piano is a side chair, its back against the piano and facing into the room. Above this is a stool, on which are a large box of Pall Mall Cigarettes. Ash tray and matches above stool. To the right and turned toward the stool is another side chair, its back running parallel to the keyboard of the piano. On the piano is a red drape, a lamp on its upper

left corner, a flat ash tray and a blue book. In the right wall of the room is another door, leading off to the main body of the house. Below this door a side chair. Above this door is a cabinet on which is an iridescent bowl containing roses, and at each side of which stands a floor Italian candlestick. A Chesterfield R.C., backed by a table of same length. To L. of Chesterfield is an easy chair, upholstered in red. Pillows on Chesterfield. On table is a humidor containing cigars and cigarettes, a lamp, magazines and books, two packs of playing cards, ash tray and matches. Against wall at back R. of staircase arch is a desk with desk service and two electric candlesticks with golden screens. To the left of this is an armchair, its back against the wall. The ceiling is beamed. There are wall brackets, one either side of staircase arch, and a chandelier hanging from beamed ceiling. The style of the room and furniture is Italian. There are two Della Robbia plaques, one over each door. Bell pull above door R. The window curtains are blue. Several good looking tapestries on wall. No pictures. On platform at rear, where stairs begin, is a great blue urn filled with hydrangeas.

The time is five o'clock on a Friday afternoon in late summer. The French windows are closed, subduing somewhat the light in the room. The rising curtain reveals WILLIAM PARKER (BILL), DULCY's brother, stretched out in an easy chair R.C., reading a magazine, a discarded magazine on the floor to his R. After a moment HENRY, the butler, enters R. He goes up to the windows up L.C., opens them. Stage brightens as windows are opened. HENRY comes back to BILL.

HENRY. (*Coming down L.*) Mr. Smith has just come in, sir.

BILL. (*After a pause, not looking up from his magazine*) Yeh?

HENRY. (*At door L.*) Yes, sir.

BILL. (*Suddenly looking up from his magazine, stopping HENRY as he reaches the door L.*) My sister with him?

HENRY. (*Stepping toward BILL*) Oh, no, sir! Mrs. Smith is at her Friday afternoon club, over at Mrs. Kennedy's.

(*BILL returns to his magazine. HENRY picks up a magazine from the floor and replaces it on the table, stepping above table, R. end of same.*)

BILL. (*Getting to his feet and handing magazine back to HENRY*) What time's dinner?

HENRY. (*Hesitates*) Seven-fifty, sir.

BILL. Seven-fifty? My God!

HENRY. (*Agreeing with him*) Yes, sir.

BILL. Oh—James!

HENRY. (*Comes down R. of table*) Henry, sir.

BILL. Henry?

HENRY. (*Going to BILL*) Yes, sir.

BILL. Henry. (*He pauses.*) Who else is coming to this—week-end? I mean, besides Mr. Forbes, and—ah—his wife and daughter?

HENRY. I'm not certain, sir. I've rooms ready for a number, sir.

BILL. M'm. Well——

(*Enter GORDON SMITH, DULCINEA'S husband, R. He is an alert young business man, with worry just beginning to set on his shoulders.*)

GORDON. (*As he enters*) Good evening, Bill. You're early.

HENRY. (*Turning away from BILL*) Yes, sir.

BILL. Hello, Gordon.

(*BILL goes upstage L.C. and lights a cigarette.*

HENRY *exits* R. GORDON'S eyes follow him as he goes out.)

GORDON. (*Looks around, yawns, stretches*) Been here long?

BILL. Oh, not so very. It was sort of dull in town, so I thought I'd come out early.

GORDON. Of course—glad you did. (*He takes another moment to stretch, then drops into sofa R.C.*) Tired to-night.

BILL. (*Observing a folded newspaper in GORDON'S pocket as he sits*) What's that—the *Sun*?

GORDON. No—*Post*. (*He hands him the paper. BILL drops into a chair R.C., L. of sofa with it. There is a considerable pause while BILL reads and GORDON indulges in another yawn.*) Dulcy not home yet, huh?

BILL. (*Reading the paper at the same time*) No. She's—across the street—some place. Mrs. Kennedy's, I think.

GORDON. Oh, yes. It's a—Friday afternoon thingmajig.

BILL. (*Still with the paper*) M'm.

GORDON. (*Another pause; SMITH musters up some energy*) Well! How's business?

BILL. (*Puts down the paper and looks at him*) What?

GORDON. I say, how's business?

BILL. (*As though announcing a death*) Haven't you heard?

GORDON. (*A bit cheerily*) Oh, I don't know—I have an idea it may be picking up presently.

BILL. (*Tapping the newspaper*) You've been

reading Mr. Schwab. (*He quotes*) "Steel Man Sees Era of Prosperity."

GORDON. Well—I think he's right, at that.

BILL. Yes. (*A pause.*) Rockefeller expects to break even this year, too.

GORDON. Just the same, I look for an improvement. (*Earnestly.*) Bill, if it could just be arranged that all the outstanding accounts could be absorbed by the banks, and then turn those into accounts payable——

BILL. (*Interrupting*) I know. You mean—things would be better if we weren't all broke.

GORDON. That's one of the things that holds us back—pessimism.

BILL. (*He pauses*) How's the artificial jewelry business? If any?

GORDON. Well, it's—looking up a bit.

BILL. Anything new on Forbes' merger?

GORDON. It's coming along. It's practically settled, I think, that I'm to go in with him.

BILL. That's great! I hadn't said anything, but I rather felt that you were up against it when I saw you last week.

GORDON. Thanks, old man. I—was, a bit.

BILL. You'll be all right if this deal goes through?

GORDON. I think so. It will end this fighting among us smaller men.

BILL. How many of you are going into this pool?

GORDON. About half the trade. I'm to get sixteen and two-thirds per cent of the stock of the combine.

BILL. Just for the factory?

GORDON. (*Unwillingly*) Well, the plant *and* the pearl formula.

BILL. Oh, I see.

GORDON. (*Justifying himself*) Of course, that means a cash payment when the papers are signed, and that will just about see me through.

BILL. You think that's enough—sixteen and two-thirds? Those pearls of yours are pretty good, you know, even if they *are* imitations.

GORDON. I know—but I'm up against it. I've got to take what he gives me, or have that crowd to fight. Forbes is a tough customer.

BILL. That's hard luck.

GORDON. (*Doubtfully*) Of course, I *may* be able to do something with him over the week-end.

BILL. Huh?

GORDON. He's coming out here, you know. (*This last is added as a casual thought.*)

BILL. So I understand.

GORDON. (*Looks at his watch*) They're driving up from town.

BILL. Uh-huh. (*Thoughtfully*) Bringing his wife and—daughter, too, isn't he?

GORDON. Yes. They're going to stay over Sunday.

BILL. I didn't know you knew them that well.

GORDON. Well, I don't—except Forbes—in a business way. (*He pauses.*) I wasn't keen for it.

BILL. Well, then——

GORDON. (*Rises and strolls up L.*) Well, Dulcy thought it would be nice to have them out here, and—well——

BILL. (*As GORDON pauses*) Yes, I know. (*There is a pause.*) Does he play Russian bank?

(HENRY enters D.R. with the afternoon papers, which he puts on the table. GORDON watches him narrowly, and believes that he detects HENRY looking furtively at him. HENRY exits again D.R.)

GORDON. (*Paying no attention to BILL's question*) Did you notice that?

BILL. What?

GORDON. The way he looked at me.

BILL. (*Lightly*) Henry?

GORDON. Didn't Dulcy tell you?

BILL. She's over at Mrs. Kennedy's.

GORDON. Well—he's an escaped convict!

BILL. (*Rises*) He's—what?

GORDON. No—I don't think that's just what I mean. It's a—suspended sentence. Dulcy got him off by—you know. Promised to take care of him, and give him work, and——

BILL. What's his line?

GORDON. He's a—butler.

BILL. What *was* his line?

GORDON. Oh! He—wrote a little check or something.

BILL. And the judge turned him over to Dulcy?

GORDON. After she made about twenty trips to town, and exhausted the judge, and used up about a hundred dollars' worth of my lawyer, and——

BILL. She does things right. (*Crossing to R.*)

GORDON. Oh, well, I suppose it's all right. After all, there *was* some doubt about him. Dulcy went to see his wife and family, and—she felt pretty badly over it——

(*Doorbell rings.*)

GORDON. Here they are!

BILL. The Forbeses?

GORDON. Yes.

BILL. Better send them over to Mrs. Kennedy's, so that Dulcy can receive them. (*Crosses behind GORDON to piano and gets rid of cigarette into tray on stool.*)

GORDON. Darn it!—the man coming *here*, with a business deal on. I don't like it! (*Enter HENRY R.*) It looks too much as if I were trying to——

BILL. Oh, I don't know. (*HENRY crosses behind GORDON and below BILL, and exits L., closing door*

behind him. BILL drops down and watches him off.)
Are you always sure he's coming back?

GORDON. I don't like mixing business with social affairs.

BILL. *(Solemnly)* Why don't you make Dulcy lay off?

GORDON. Why don't I? How *can* I?

BILL. *(After considering it)* I never thought of that.

(Enter HENRY L.)

HENRY. It's a Mr.—

(Enter TOM STERRETT L., a very much alive young man. He is the kind of man who pulls weights in his bedroom every morning, and who feels that a vigorous good health is the first aid toward business success. His business is advertising. He could tell you hundreds of interesting facts about type psychology, direct sales drives and national conferences; and would, if you gave him half a chance. He believes in Presence and knows he has it.)

STERRETT. *(Brushing past HENRY with an "Open, Sesame!" smile)* I beg your pardon! I'm Mr. Sterrett!

BILL. *(First looking at GORDON to see if he knows him; sees he does not)* That's fine.

GORDON. You're looking for—Smiths?

(HENRY closes the door L., crosses around at back and exits R.)

STERRETT. Yes, sir. I'm expected to meet Mr. Forbes here. Your man says——

GORDON. *(A bit more cordial)* Oh! Mr. Forbes

hasn't arrived yet—I'm expecting him very soon. (*Extending hand.*) I am Mr. Smith.

STERRETT. (*Crosses to SMITH, inflicting a brisk hand-shake*) Smith Pearls?

GORDON. Ah—yes.

STERRETT. I follow your campaigns. Your advertising.

GORDON. This is Mr. Parker, my brother-in-law.

STERRETT. How are you, sir! (*Shaking his hand vigorously.*) Didn't I meet you at the A. C. A. Convention—in Detroit last summer? (*Renewing the hand-shake with the explanation.*) Advertising Clubs of America?

BILL. (*Returning the shake with interest*) I'm afraid not.

STERRETT. (*Very quickly*) Sorry, my mistake.

BILL. (*Adopting STERRETT's snappy style*) It's all right! Have a cigarette? (*He whips out case.*)

STERRETT. (*Accepting one and glancing at it*) Ah! C & G! Thanks! (*Takes chair above stool, pulling it down and out; sits and lights cigarette from ash tray on stool.*)

GORDON. (*Knowingly saying the unnecessary*) Won't you—wait?

STERRETT. Surely. Mr. Forbes left word at his office for me to meet him here. It's about some contracts that have to be——

GORDON. (*Somewhat more cordially*) Oh, I see. You're in the Forbes organization?

STERRETT. (*With a trace of reproof*) Oh, no! I handle Mr. Forbes' advertising. S. S. Q. & L. Agency.

BILL. (*Airily*) Oh, the S. S. U. & L.!

STERRETT. (*Correcting him*) S. S. Q. & L. Simpson, Simpson, Querrida and Lawford.

BILL. That's fine.

STERRETT. (*Hitching his chair towards SMITH*) Have you followed our Forbes copy, Mr. Smith?

GORDON. Well—to a degree—yes.

STERRETT. (*A bit disappointed in GORDON. To BILL*) You're interested in advertising, Mr. Parker?

BILL. I buy the *Saturday Evening Post*.

STERRETT. (*Not getting this, although SMITH does*) But speaking generally of the other media—

BILL. (*Leaving his post at end of piano and approaching STERRETT*) I'm afraid I don't know much about advertising. In fact I've never been in Detroit.

STERRETT. (*Answering without thinking*) Well, that's too bad. (*Realizing he hasn't understood.*) Huh? (*Thinking he understands.*) Oh, yes—great town! Town that's made itself through advertising! (*He consults watch.*) What time do you expect—ah—Mr.—

GORDON. Mr. Forbes and his family will be here presently.

STERRETT. Oh, is Mr. Forbes' family coming?

GORDON. Yes, they're going to spend the weekend.

STERRETT. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes?

GORDON. Yes.

STERRETT. And Miss Forbes?

GORDON. Yes.

(*BILL's smile of pleasure at mention of MISS FORBES changes as he realizes that STERRETT is also registering pleasure.*)

BILL. Are you a friend of the—family's?

STERRETT. Oh, yes! (*A pause.*) Yes, indeed!

BILL. (*Giving GORDON a significant look*) H'm!

STERRETT. What was that?

BILL. I didn't say anything. (*Moving away to end of piano.*)

STERRETT. Oh, beg pardon, I'm sure.

GORDON. Well—ah—— (*He is saying what seems to be expected of him*) You must stay for dinner, Mr. Sterrett.

STERRETT. Many thanks. If I won't be——

GORDON. (*A bit curtly*) That's splendid.

BILL. Yes—that's fine. We generally need one more for Dulcy's parlor games, don't we?

STERRETT. Now, I want to be sure I'm not intruding.

GORDON. Not at all. We're only too glad to have you.

(*DULCINEA enters through the French window up L.C. She is dressed in a gown that is just a bit too much for an afternoon gathering; she carries an armful of flowers, and she is in her customary bubbling good humor.*)

DULCY. Hello, everybody!

BILL. Hello, Dulcy.

(*SMITH and STERRETT rise.*)

DULCY. (*Coming down R. to SMITH*) M'm! It's nice and cool in here, isn't it? You know, if there is any breeze going at all, we get it in this room. Don't we, Gordon, darling? (*She kisses him.*) Did you have a good day at the office? Send for Henry to fix these, will you? (*She indicates the flowers.*) Aren't they pretty? Right out of my own garden.

(*BILL, who has gone around the piano, comes down to her L.*)

DULCY. Hello, Willie. (*Kisses him.*) Whom have you been doing? Eh? (*She laughs loudly at her own joke. BILL smiles indulgently and returns again around the piano to the end.*)

GORDON. Dulcy, this is Mr. Sterrett. My wife.
(*Turns R. to bell pull.*)

DULCY. Oh, how do you do? (*Shaking hands somewhat appraisingly.*)

STERRETT. (*With great assurance*) How do you do?

DULCY. (*Trying to estimate STERRETT'S position in the scheme of things*) Have you been over the grounds? Gordon, you must show Mr. Sterrett over the grounds.

GORDON. Mr. Sterrett is a friend of the Forbeses.

DULCY. (*As this explains STERRETT to her*) Oh, the Forbeses—really! Oh, that is nice! (*Then with a bit of panic*) Have they come? Where are they? Why didn't you tell me? (*She rushes up toward staircase, then toward windows.*) Upstairs, or in the garden, or where——

BILL. (*Majestically holding up his hand*) Now—wait.

DULCY. (*Coming down R. of piano to BILL*) But what are they going to think? My not being here—how rude—why, if they——

BILL. Now, wait—wait! (*She finally pauses.*) The Forbeses are not here.

DULCY. Well, why didn't you tell me so in the first place? After all, Willie, I'm not a mind-reader.

GORDON. (*Coming to chair R.C.*) Mr. Sterrett has come to see Mr. Forbes on a matter of business.

BILL. And since he is also a friend of Miss Forbes.

GORDON. I've invited him to stay for dinner.

DULCY. (*None too pleased, particularly about STERRETT'S being a friend of ANGELA'S*) Oh! So you're a friend of Angela's—that's lovely! Yes, you *must* stay!

(HENRY enters R. and stands awaiting instructions.)

DULCY. Just take pot luck with us, Mr. Sterrett. I always say that anyone can drop in—I think that's the nicest kind of a household, don't you?

STERRETT. Why, yes. You know, I have a dear old aunt——

DULCY. (*Not waiting to hear, crossing to HENRY*) Oh, Henry, get some vases for these flowers—then I'll arrange them. I think arranging flowers is quite a knack, don't you, Mr. Sterrett? Some people can do it, and others can't, you know. . . . It's just like an ear for music. Either you have it or you haven't it, and there you are!

BILL. Mr. Sterrett is in the advertising business—not the music business.

STERRETT. Oh, but what she says is very true—very true, indeed. But as I was saying. This dear old aunt of mine—I—ah—she——

(*DULCY is giving the flowers to HENRY and pays no attention. STERRETT fails to make an audience either of SMITH or BILL.*)

STERRETT. I—ah—suppose I wait in the next room for Mr. Forbes?

DULCY. Of course. Henry, show Mr. Sterrett into the library. (*HENRY goes to door R. and STERRETT crosses.*) There are some lovely books there. My books are my best friends, Mr. Sterrett.

STERRETT. Thank you. (*Exits R.*)

DULCY. (*Moving up R. to CHESTERFIELD to above*) Henry, fix up the little green room for to-night. Fix it nicely.

HENRY. (*Beaming as he always does when DULCY speaks to him*) Yes, ma'am. (*He follows STERRETT off R.*)

GORDON. (c.) He's not going to stay to-night!

DULCY. (*Has picked up an evening paper, and is*

already absorbed in it) No, darling, but someone else is.

BILL. Still another?

DULCY. (*With the paper*) Oh, what do you think? Mrs. Harper was acquitted! I always say, if a woman is good looking, no jury on earth will convict her.

GORDON. Dulcy, never mind that. Who else is coming?

DULCY. (*Immersed in paper*) "A demonstration that lasted fifteen minutes greeted the acquittal of Mrs.——"

GORDON. Dulcy!

DULCY. (*Slowly, as she scans the article*) I just want to see what she wore.

GORDON. Dulcy, listen to me!

DULCY. Well, dear?

GORDON. Who else is coming?

DULCY. (*Putting paper down*) You'll never guess.

GORDON. (*Tiredly*) I'm sure I've no idea, Dulcy.

DULCY. (*Going to him*) Schuyler Van Dyck!

BILL. Schuyler Van Dyck!

DULCY. One of *the* Van Dyck's, and he's worth millions!

GORDON. Schuyler Van Dyck's coming *here*?

DULCY. Yes—isn't it wonderful? He's a marvelous man, and you ought to hear him play the piano. You'd never think he was a Van Dyck—he's so democratic.

BILL. (*Moving toward c.*) Where the devil did you meet *him*?

DULCY. Oh, several places, and this afternoon he was at Mrs. Kennedy's and played for us. He had a lot of invitations, and he accepted mine.

(DULCY *returns to table and replaces newspaper neatly, then going around R., gives the sofa cush-*

ions a touch. GORDON follows her, speaking as he goes.)

GORDON. But, my dear, having this man here with Forbes—how do we know it's going to——

DULCY. Oh, but it will—Mr. Van Dyck's a business man too, darling. He owns all kinds of things—railroads—railroads—I think—some of them are. He'll help entertain Mr. Forbes with them.

GORDON. *(In front of Chesterfield)* But Forbes isn't the kind of man that wants to be entertained. That's just it!

DULCY. *(Going to him)* Darling, leave Mr. Forbes to me. *(Puts arms around him.)* I've got a real surprise for you!

GORDON. Another one?

DULCY. A wonderful one! Just for you!

BILL. One thing that Dulcy never learned is the difference between a surprise and a shock.

(Enter HENRY R., leaving the door open, with a bowl and a vase of flowers, which he places on table, then turns up and gives some attention to desk U.R.)

DULCY. You shut up, Willie.

GORDON. But what is it? Has it got to do with Forbes?

DULCY. Yes, darling, and it's something that's going to help you a great deal with Mr. Forbes.

(DULCY crosses behind BILL to piano; busies herself selecting music for the coming VAN DYCK. She catches BILL's glance at her and makes a move at him. BILL goes solemnly to GORDON and shakes his hand, then crosses him to door R.)

BILL. Sometimes I think our family must have adopted Dulcy. (*Exit BILL R.*)

DULCY. (*Crossing R. to the flowers on the table*) Oh, Henry! There'll be two more for dinner.

HENRY. Yes, ma'am.

DULCY. That makes—nine, doesn't it?

HENRY. Yes, ma'am. (*Exit upstairs C. to R.*)

DULCY. I love a big table, don't you, Gordon? There's something so hospitable about it. (*She is looking around for the spots at which to place the flowers.*)

GORDON. Nine? Then there's still another coming—besides Van Dyck? (*Moving to chair R.C., sitting thoughtfully.*)

DULCY. (*With the air of someone revealing a great secret*) Yes!

GORDON. What are you trying to do—solve the housing problem?

DULCY. (*Picking up vase of flowers*) Just wait, darling! You'll be so excited! (*Breaking the big news over SMITH'S L. shoulder.*) Vincent—is coming!

GORDON. (*At sea*) Vincent?

DULCY. Yes. Isn't it wonderful? (*Crossing to piano with vase of flowers.*) That looks pretty, doesn't it?

GORDON. (*Trying to recall*) Vincent—Vincent—who the devil is Vincent?

DULCY. (*Indicating the bowl*) Or do you think this one ought to go over there and that one here?

GORDON. (*Annoyed*) I don't know. Who is this man?

DULCY. (*Going down and leaning over SMITH'S L. shoulder*) Well, you don't need to get angry at me, darling, just because I want to make the place look nice.

GORDON. I'm not angry—but——

DULCY. I'm doing it for you, darling. You know, with Mr. Forbes coming——

GORDON. I know, but—tell me about this man——

DULCY. *Vincent Leach?* Don't you remember? You and I met him at Mrs. Peabody's last week—you know, the big scenario writer.

GORDON. (*Faintly recalling*) Oh, yes. Is *he* coming here?

DULCY. Yes! Isn't it wonderful? (*Crosses to table. Picks up the bowl from the table and starts toward piano with it.*)

GORDON. But look here now—Dulcy, will you leave those flowers alone, and come here and talk to me?

DULCY. Just a minute, darling. (*She replaces the vase on the piano with the bowl, then takes the vase back and places it on the table and goes around table to its R.*) A time and a place for everything. There! (*She seats herself on his lap.*)

GORDON. But, dear, why do you want to mix this man Leach up with Forbes? Van Dyck may be all right, but——

DULCY. Ah! That's the secret!

GORDON. But I don't like—secrets. This isn't a—game.

DULCY. Promise you won't tell! Cross your heart!

GORDON. (*Does so*) Yes, yes.

DULCY. Well, then—Vincent and Angela——(*Kisses him.*)—like each other.

GORDON. You mean—Forbes' daughter?

DULCY. (*Nodding*) Isn't it wonderful? So I invited them both here so they'll have the whole week-end together. And at the same time he can meet her parents. You never can tell what will happen.

GORDON. But, Dulcy, dear, you don't know An-

gela so well, and—this man Leach—what do you know about *him*?

DULCY. I know all about him. He's a big scenario writer, and just the man for Angie. He's—he's so practical, and she's a dreamer. Opposites should marry—you know that, darling.

GORDON. But, Dulcy, now——

DULCY. And what else do you think? I'm going to get him to help me with some of *my* scenarios while he's here.

GORDON. But why, dear——?

DULCY. To make them better.

GORDON. No, no—I mean—why are you trying to match this fellow Leach with Angela? What do *you* care about it?

DULCY. Don't you see?

GORDON. No.

DULCY. Can't you guess?

GORDON. No.

DULCY. Well, if Angie *likes* Mr. Leach, and marries him——

GORDON. Yes?

DULCY. And *I* fix it——

GORDON. Well?

DULCY. Well—I'm your wife——

(GORDON *springs up in alarm, dropping DULCY off his lap.*)

GORDON. Now, Dulcy, dear——

DULCY. That will make Mr. Forbes so grateful that he'll have to give you more than sixteen and two-thirds of the percentage.

GORDON. Good heavens, Dulcy! Now——

DULCY. (*Ecstatically*) I figured it all out myself!

GORDON. But, now wait! (*He paces the floor to L.*)

DULCY. Gordon, darling—don't be upset about it. (GORDON *crosses R.*) I know they ought to marry—I just know it. It's a woman's intuition. (GORDON *passes L. to C.*) Just as I knew I ought to marry you, dear. (GORDON *stops.*) It was because I loved you, darling, and wanted to help you, and—and——

GORDON. (*Going to her and embracing her*) Yes, and you do help me.

DULCY. Well, then——

GORDON. (*Tenderly*) And you're not sorry that you married me, instead of Arthur, with all those millions?

DULCY. You're going to have millions, too, dear—at least thousands. And I loved you—not Arthur. (*She buries her head on his shoulder.*)

GORDON. Dulcy, dear. (*He kisses her neck.*)

DULCY. And I'd love you if you didn't have a cent, and—and stand by you, and help you. You do want me to help you, don't you?

GORDON. (*Reluctantly*) Why—I—ah—yes—ah——

DULCY. Well, then, let me!

GORDON. But you don't understand, dear. Try to see my position.

DULCY. But I do see it. You need Mr. Forbes' help and I'm going to get it for you.

GORDON. I need it in a business way. And as it's only in a business way, I feel that I ought to handle it alone—in office hours. Don't you see?

DULCY. (*Turning away, on the verge of tears*) I feel almost as if I were being—exiled!

GORDON. (*Embracing her from behind*) Well, you mustn't—you aren't being exiled. Just realize that in this particular affair you're my silent partner, and a very important one, too. Don't you know, dear, if it weren't for you I couldn't go to town day after day and fight! There!—you're really helping me all the time, by just being you. (*He steps back from her.*) Furthermore, don't you remember that

you promised me that you'd let me manage my own business matters?

DULCY. When?

GORDON. Three months ago. When we came back from our honeymoon.

DULCY. Why, I never did.

GORDON. The time that you practically discharged my secretary?

DULCY. (*Remembering*) Oh!

GORDON. You thought Shepherd was dishonest simply because he wore a heavy black mustache.

(GORDON turns left and gets cigarette from box on stool. DULCY goes to chair L.C. and sits, putting her arm around him and her head against his chest as he turns to her.)

DULCY. Oh, Gordon, darling, I know I've done some silly things, but when I married you, dearest, I did promise to stand beside you all my life and love you and help you, and that's what I think I ought to do now. That's why I'm doing it.

GORDON. But, Dulcy—

DULCY. Well, Mr. Forbes is taking advantage of you and I'm not going to let him—that's all!

GORDON. (*Desperately*) But that isn't the point. In the position that I am I have to go ahead with it. I wouldn't want anything to happen. (*Pleading affectionately.*) Don't you see, dear, if I'm not in that merger, I'll lose—everything!

DULCY. But only sixteen and two-thirds per cent—it's such a funny number, too. I don't see why you couldn't get a nice even number—like twenty-five. (*She pauses.*) Or fifty!

(BILL enters R.)

BILL. Well, has she fixed it?

DULCY. (*Rises*) We've been all through it quietly, Willie, and it's settled.

GORDON. Now, Dulcy, you must listen.

DULCY. Now—now—not another word. Just let—let—sleeping dogs lie and everything is bound to come out all right. It always does. (*DULCY turns up stage and GORDON crosses to BILL with a gesture of helplessness.*) Oh, here's Mr. Van Dyck! (*Rushing to the window L.*) Come right in this way, Mr. Van Dyck! That's right—here you are!

(*SCHUYLER VAN DYCK enters through window. He is aristocratic and well dressed. He has a bag of golf-clubs over his left shoulder and is carrying a suitcase. She shakes hands with him.*)

DULCY. Well, you found the way, didn't you—you're like me, you've got a bump of location. Henry will take your things—— Where's Henry? Willie, send for Henry! My, this is lovely! (*BILL pulls bell cord R.*) So glad to see you in our own little nest, Mr. Van Dyck.

(*VAN DYCK has put his suitcase and golf-bag down. DULCINEA leads him down to SMITH.*)

DULCY. This is my husband, Mr. Van Dyck. Mr. Van Dyck, Gordon, that I've been telling you so much about. (*As an after-thought*) And my brother, Willie.

(*HENRY comes downstairs.*)

VAN DYCK. (*As he shakes SMITH's hand*) Mr. Smith, how do you do, sir?

GORDON. I'm very pleased to know you, Mr. Van Dyck.

DULCY. (*Turning up to HENRY*) Henry, take

Mr. Van Dyck's things. So glad you brought your golf clubs. We'll see that you use them.

(BILL *has circled around the table and comes down to MR. VAN DYCK and offers hand.*)

BILL. My name is Parker.

VAN DYCK. I'm delighted, Mr. Parker. (BILL *retires again up R.*) I'm very much afraid that I'm intruding.

GORDON. Why, not at all.

DULCY. (*Coming down to VAN DYCK'S L.*) Intruding! I should say not!

(HENRY *has picked up the bags and is awaiting VAN DYCK—on the platform.*)

VAN DYCK. Mrs. Smith was so—so very gracious as to ask me to be your guest. May I—accept with a proviso?

GORDON. Why, certainly.

VAN DYCK. It is barely possible that some business matters will call me back to town. In that event—— (*He smiles his rare smile.*) I hope you will pardon me.

DULCY. Of course! We all understand business here. Don't we, Gordon, darling? Business before pleasure!

VAN DYCK. You're very good.

DULCY. Henry, show Mr. Van Dyck to his room. Henry will show you, Mr. Van Dyck.

(VAN DYCK *turns up to steps.* GORDON and DULCY *go up with him.*)

VAN DYCK. Thank you—if I may. I shall re-join you presently.

DULCY. (*Calling to him as he is going off*) Dinner at eight-twenty!

BILL. (*R. of Chesterfield*) Eight-twenty? Have you been reading *Vanity Fair* again?

DULCY. Everybody dines at eight-twenty, Willie. It's continental.

(*BILL sits on R. arm of Chesterfield. DULCY turns to her husband.*)

DULCY. Well, how do you like Mr. Van Dyck? Nice, isn't he?

GORDON. He's all right, I guess.

DULCY. Wait till you hear him play the piano. A lovely touch, and so soulful.

BILL. Don't forget to ask him to play.

(*HENRY comes down the steps. GORDON turns up into windows.*)

DULCY. (*Going to BILL and sitting beside him*) Dear, no—right after dinner. We're going to have a nice musical evening. Music after eating helps digestion. All the new doctors say so.

(*HENRY exits R. BILL looks after him uncomfortably.*)

BILL. Dulcy!

DULCY. Well, Willie?

BILL. (*After a wince at the "WILLIE"*) When you took this butler out of Sing Sing—

DULCY. (*Rising*) Sing Sing? He wasn't in Sing Sing!

BILL. You didn't go way out to Leavenworth, did you?

DULCY. Now, I know just what you're going to say, but it isn't true. Just because Henry made one

false step doesn't mean he's going to make another. If you ask me, I think there's enough sorrow in the world without trying to make things worse. Every cloud has a silver lining, and—so has Henry.

BILL. Yes. The question is, how did he get it?

DULCY. It doesn't matter in the least—he's all right now. He promised me. Besides, he has to report to the probation officer every week, and tell him everything he does.

BILL. Oh, he *has* to tell him everything?

DULCY. Every week.

BILL. You don't think he has any—secrets?

DULCY. You must be more tolerant, Willie. You know, there's so much good in the best of us—and so much bad in the worst of us—well, it ill behoves the best of us—— (*She flounders, but is saved by the doorbell.*)

GORDON. (*Coming down R. of piano and going to door L. as if he had seen them*) Here are the Forbeses!

DULCY. (*Crosses to c.*) Wait, Gordon—let that poor Henry answer. (*GORDON turns up L. of piano to window. To BILL*) The trouble with the world, Willie, is that it doesn't give the under-dog a chance. Live and let live is my motto.

(*Enter HENRY R. Crosses above table and below piano.*)

BILL. I surrender. (*A pause.*) Oh, Dulcy! (*Exit HENRY L., closing door.*) Why don't you raise his salary?

DULCY. I have.

GORDON. (*Coming down R. of DULCY, speaking nervously*) Now remember, Dulcy, just leave Forbes to me—and—don't forget this is a very important business matter——

DULCY. Now, don't worry, darling. Worrying

is the very worst thing you can do—everybody says so. I was reading where Dr. Crane said in the *Globe* the other day—by worrying you can catch things.

(HENRY opens the door L. The voices of the FORBESES are heard; they enter. First, MR. FORBES—then MRS. FORBES—then ANGELA. The greetings are ad lib. DULCY shakes hands with each, passing them to GORDON, who does likewise. GORDON introduces FORBES to BILL, crosses and shakes hands with MRS. FORBES as she crosses DULCY. Then, after GORDON presents BILL to MRS. FORBES, he goes around table to R., to below sofa, where FORBES drops down and starts to chat with him.)

DULCY. Well, here is Mr. Forbes now, and Mrs. Forbes! How charming you look! And Angela! You've come to see me at last! My, such red cheeks! Just like two ripe apples! (Crosses to MR. FORBES.)

(FORBES is already deep in business talk with SMITH, but DULCY turns to him blithely.)

DULCY. Mr. Forbes—

(FORBES turns to her. ANGELA joins BILL and her mother at the R. of the upper end of piano.)

DULCY. Did you have a nice ride out from the city? Awfully pretty, isn't it—Westchester?

(FORBES agrees with a nod—is about to turn back to SMITH.)

DULCY. Did you come out the short way or the long way?

FORBES. (*A man of about fifty, with graying hair, the suggestion of "big business." A quiet man, noise of any kind rubs him the wrong way. It is already evident that DULCY is going to be just the person for him.*) Ah—what was that?

DULCY. Did you come out the short way or the long way?

FORBES. Ah—let me see. (*A pause.*) Do you know, Eleanor?

MRS. FORBES. (*His second wife; a very feminine person of about thirty-five; good looking and a bit flighty. She drops down L.C.*) What, dear?

FORBES. Mrs. Smith was just asking if—

DULCY. Did you come out the short way or the long way?

MRS. FORBES. Which is the way through Hartsdale?

DULCY. Oh, that's the short way—you should have come the long way. No, I think that *is* the long way, isn't it? Hartsdale? Yes. No—

GORDON. (*Diplomatically*) Well, it doesn't really matter.

DULCY. No, no—both ways are awfully pretty. (*She has said this to MRS. FORBES, and FORBES and SMITH have turned immediately to each other to renew their conversation. They haven't a chance.*) Though I don't suppose you got much chance to look at the scenery, did you, Mr. Forbes—driving the car? (*MRS. FORBES has turned back to BILL and ANGELA.*) Don't you think driving is awfully hard work, Mr. Forbes?

FORBES. Why, no, I rather like it.

DULCY. Like it? Really! Oh! Well, it wouldn't do if all our tastes were alike, would it? (*Turns away just as HENRY enters L.*) Henry, take the things right up—you know the rooms.

(HENRY *exits* L. FORBES and GORDON *resume their conversation*. DULCY *turns up to* MRS. FORBES.)

DULCY. Mrs. Forbes, you and your husband are to have the shell-pink suite. It looks just like a bridal suite. (MRS. FORBES *giggles and* DULCY *laughs with her*.) The bridal suite! Oh, Mr. Forbes—— (She *goes down to him*.) Mr. Forbes—you and your wife are going to have the bridal suite!

(FORBES *tries to understand the joke, but without success*. MRS. FORBES, *who is now behind table, laughs and, as* DUDCY *turns away from them, FORBES turns and glares at his wife, then seats himself carefully on the Chesterfield*.)

DULCY. And, Angie—— (She *turns to c. as ANGELA comes down to meet her*.) Oh, there you are! I forgot you and Willie were old friends. Naughty, naughty!

(Enter HENRY L. *with three bags. He sets one down, closes door, crosses up behind piano to platform—starts up stairs. HENRY is on the stairs with the bags*.)

DULCY. Well, how is little Angie? My, what a pretty necklace! It's new, isn't it? Pearls, too!

(This registers with HENRY.)

ANGELA. Father gave it to me for my birthday.

DULCY. Your father. Really—wasn't that sweet of him? (To FORBES) Your own manufacture?

FORBES. Oh, no!

DULCY. (Testing the weight of them) Real pearls! Angela, fancy your having a string of real

pearls! Isn't that wonderful! (*Remembers HENRY's presence.*) Take the bags right up, Henry.

BILL. Yes, Henry.

(*Exit HENRY upstairs after a nervous gasp.*)

DULCY. Angie is going to have the cutest little room of all. Just wait till you see it!

ANGELA. Oh, thank you.

(*VAN DYCK comes downstairs.*)

DULCY. (*Turning ANGELA up stage as if for a confidence*) And wait till you see what else I have for you! You'll be surprised, and—oh, here's Mr. Van Dyck!

(*ANGELA steps to L.*)

DULCY. (*In her element*) Mrs. Forbes, Mr. Van Dyck!

(*VAN DYCK, crossing to MRS. FORBES, who is behind chair R.C., looking into her eyes as he holds her hand.*)

MRS. FORBES. How do you do?

DULCY. And Miss Forbes——

VAN DYCK. (*Bowing*) Miss Forbes! (*ANGELA bows.*)

DULCY. And Mr. Forbes—Mr. Schuyler Van Dyck of New York.

(*FORBES has risen. VAN DYCK goes to him.*)

VAN DYCK. C. Roger Forbes?

FORBES. I'm certainly glad to know you, Mr. Van Dyck. I believe I know something of your inter-

ests. In fact, I just missed meeting you at the International Metals conference last week.

VAN DYCK. Yes? Well, I hope we can have a little chance to talk down here. I'm very much interested in jewelry.

DULCY. (*Who is L. of VAN DYCK, with a triumphant look at her husband*) You see, Gordon?

FORBES. (*Aware that something is going on*) What's that?

GORDON. Oh, it was just—ah—that is, Mrs. Smith thought——

(HENRY comes downstairs, crossing to door R.)

DULCY. Oh, we're all forgetting Mr.—What's-his-name—in the library—a gentleman to see you, Mr. Forbes, on business. Henry, tell the gentleman in the library to come in. (*Exit HENRY R.*)

GORDON. It's your advertising man.

FORBES. Oh, yes—Sterrett.

(ANGELA turns sharply at the mention of the name away from BILL and MRS. FORBES, who are up L.)

FORBES. I took the liberty of leaving word for him to come here—I had to get away early.

GORDON. Why, certainly.

DULCY. And so that you'll have lots of time to talk business, I've invited him to stay for dinner. (*She looks proudly toward her husband, as though asking approbation for this remark. GORDON is pleased with her for the first time.*)

ANGELA. (*Coming down stage*) Oh, Mr. Sterrett is going to stay for dinner?

DULCY. Yes—because he's a friend of yours, Angie, dear. (*Quickly*) And because of the business, of course. Well, what do you girls say? Shall

we leave the men to talk business? Wouldn't you like to see your rooms? You haven't been over the house at all, you know.

MRS. FORBES. Why, we'd love to.

DULCY. Gordon, darling, you must show Mr. Forbes and the others over the grounds. (*She is shepherding MRS. FORBES and ANGELA toward the stairs.*) You get a beautiful view from the lawn, Mr. Forbes. And don't forget to show him the garden, darling—all our vegetables are out of our own garden, Mr. Forbes. (*MRS. FORBES and ANGELA have begun to ascend the steps. DULCY turns to them as follows—*) Then later you must see the garden, Mrs. Forbes—and Angie. You know, there's nothing like country life, is there? Out next to Nature, you know. We're just gypsies—regular gypsies. New York is a wonderful place to visit, but I wouldn't like to live there. (*They exeunt upstairs.*)

BILL. (*Breaking the spell*) All in favor of the garden, say "Aye."

(*The men turn to the front and there is an appreciable movement of adjustment. GORDON steps to the table and gets humidior.*)

GORDON. Smoke?

FORBES. Thanks. (*He selects a cigar.*)

VAN DYCK. Thank you. (*Takes a cigarette.*)

(*GORDON returns humidior to table. VAN DYCK leans over Chesterfield and lights cigarette.*

BILL goes over to table to light cigarette.

FORBES, after a glance around the room, heads for a stiff chair L.C. As he reaches it—)

GORDON. (*Indicating an easy chair R.C.*) Oh, sit here, Mr. Forbes.

FORBES. Thanks—I prefer a stiff chair—my back, you know.

(*Enter STERRETT R. He goes directly to FORBES.*)

STERRETT. Ah! Good afternoon, Chief.

FORBES. Hello, Sterrett. Too bad to make you come way out here, but——

STERRETT. Not at all—not at all! Particularly as Mr. Smith has insisted on my staying to dinner. (*BILL and GORDON exchange a look. BILL goes down R.*) Has Angela come?

FORBES. (*Patting him on back*) Oh, yes, she's come. You've met Mr. Parker?

STERRETT. Oh, yes.

FORBES. And Mr. Schuyler Van Dyck?

STERRETT. (*Advances to VAN DYCK, who rises*) Mr. Schuyler Van Dyck?

VAN DYCK. (*Shaking his hand*) Mr. Sterrett.

(*GORDON brings lighted match to FORBES for his cigar, then he sits in chair below stool.*)

STERRETT. I've heard of you, Mr. Van Dyck.

VAN DYCK. Yes?

STERRETT. (*Crisply*) Yes, sir. They tell me you have advertising interests on the q. t.

VAN DYCK. Well, it's—it's possible, yes.

STERRETT. I'm an advertising man myself.

VAN DYCK. Really?

BILL. Yes—S. S. Q. & L. Agency.

STERRETT. Yes, *I personally* handle all of Mr. Forbes' business.

VAN DYCK. That so? (*Sitting.*)

STERRETT. (*C.*) Yes, sir. I've made the nation Forbes-conscious.

BILL. Forbes—what?

STERRETT. Forbes-conscious. I have made Forbes

Jewelry Products a part of the country's buying habit.

FORBES. It's wonderful—wonderful what the younger generation is doing in a business way.

GORDON. It certainly is.

FORBES. Why, when I was breaking into business, sir, do you think that a young man like that would have been entrusted with the handling of such important matters?

GORDON. No, sir.

FORBES. No, sir—he would not! Would he, Mr. Parker?

BILL. (*With a look at STERRETT*) No, sir, he would not! (*BILL sits on R. arm of Chesterfield.*)

FORBES. But to-day, not only is he entrusted with them, but he is actually given the preference over an older man. I find myself doing it.

STERRETT. Oh, I don't know, Chief. I'm no unusual specimen. That is, so far as my youth is concerned. Mozart was composing at fifteen; William Cullen Bryant wrote *Thanatopsis* when he was nineteen; Homer did part of the *Iliad*—

BILL. (*Rising*) Suppose we *all* go out and look at the garden?

SMITH. (*Rising—leaping to it*) Yes, that's a good idea.

(VAN DYCK and FORBES rise. VAN DYCK turns R., going with GORDON up and then across.)

FORBES. If you don't mind, I'll put my car in your garage.

GORDON. (*As he and FORBES go up*) Certainly.

FORBES. That is, if there's room.

GORDON. Oh, plenty. Our car isn't here at present. It's being repaired.

BILL. (*To VAN DYCK, as they cross*) You must

find it rather a relief to get away from business occasionally.

VAN DYCK. Yes, just to relax. It's very wonderful.

FORBES. (*Turning back to VAN DYCK*) I imagine you've been kept pretty well tied down lately.

(*All except STERRETT have strolled up to the window.*)

VAN DYCK. Well, yes—to a degree. Of course, I have things pretty well systematized.

FORBES. Of course.

SMITH. Now, right here at the left is where the garden begins. You can see for yourself——

(*Exeunt through windows—SMITH, FORBES, VAN DYCK and BILL. STERRETT, somewhat puzzled at losing his audience, decides to go along. ANGELA comes down stairway.*)

ANGELA. (*Very impersonally*) Oh, hello, Tom!

STERRETT. Angela! I'm here, you see.

ANGELA. (*Going to table R.—selecting a magazine*) Yes, I see.

STERRETT. Well, aren't you glad to see me?

ANGELA. You came to see *father*, didn't you?

STERRETT. Why, no—that is—yes—but——

ANGELA. Have you seen him?

STERRETT. Yes, but—that was business and——

ANGELA. (*Going around R. of table and sitting in R. end of Chesterfield*) I know—it's always business with you men. You're all alike.

STERRETT. You talk as though you'd examined the whole city.

ANGELA. Well, I did know another man who was just like you.

STERRETT. (*His sense of monopoly offended*) Who is he?

ANGELA. (*Looking up from magazine for first time*) Oh, don't be silly. I shouldn't tell you even if you weren't so rude. I simply say you are all alike. Your idea of romance is to sit in the moonlight and talk about the income tax.

STERRETT. (*Sitting beside her*) Now, look here, Angela. You know I'm crazy about you, and I've told you what I'll do for you. I'll devote my entire life to you.

ANGELA. And give up business?

STERRETT. (*Swallows*) Well, you wouldn't want me to give it up, would you? Right at the beginning of my career! Why, when your father signs these new contracts——

ANGELA. (*Throwing magazine down beside her and rising and starting to L.*) Contracts! Bother the contracts! It's always contracts!

STERRETT. (*Rising*) But they mean our future.

ANGELA. (*Turning*) Our future? I didn't know that *we* were going to have any!

STERRETT. (*Adapting the technique of business to love-making*) Well, we are! You just watch me! I've always got what I was after in business, and——

ANGELA. Well, I'm not—business.

STERRETT. I—I didn't mean just that, Angela.

ANGELA. Oh, sometimes I feel that I don't ever want to talk to another business man in my life! (*She starts up L. toward window.*)

STERRETT. I notice that you don't mind talking to a moving picture man, though!

ANGELA. (*Wheeling*) What do you mean by that?

STERRETT. I saw you with that bird Leach at the Biltmore yesterday.

ANGELA. Well, what of it? Mr. Leach is a very charming man.

STERRETT. He's got a swelled head.

ANGELA. He's entitled to one.

STERRETT. Look here—has he been making love to you?

ANGELA. Well, at least he hasn't been talking business. (*She turns away.*)

STERRETT. Now, look here, Angela—

ANGELA. Oh, Tom, don't be silly! If I didn't know any more about girls than you do, I'd go some place and learn! That other man talked business, too, and that's why I—what does a girl care about business, and things like that? She wants something else in her life—that's what makes her a girl. She wants romance—and a thrill—and something real—and she wants a man to be like all the heroes she ever read about—if she cares about him at all! It may be foolish and all that, but that's what she wants and she's bound to have it! She wants someone to tell her how wonderful she is—whether she is or not—to sweep her off her feet and—carry her away—and—— (*One look at STERRETT's face tells her that all this has been wasted.*) Oh, I'm going out into the garden! (*Exit ANGELA up L. through R. French window. STERRETT follows.*)

STERRETT. Now, look here, Angela! I didn't mean——

(*Enter FORBES and SMITH through L. French window. FORBES looks back after ANGELA and STERRETT.*)

FORBES. Smart chap, Sterrett.

GORDON. Yes, he—seems to be. (*Men drift centre. FORBES R. of GORDON.*)

FORBES. Wide-awake! That's what I like about him.

GORDON. (*Eager to agree*) Yes, wide-awake chaps certainly have an advantage.

FORBES. (*Bluffly*) Now, that's the kind of a man I'd like for a son-in-law.

GORDON. (*Mindful of DULCY's plans*) Son-in-law?

FORBES. Yes.

GORDON. Sterrett?

FORBES. Yes. Good business head. No foolishness, like most young people. (*FORBES crosses down L. and sits in chair L. of stool.*) Substantial—that's what I mean. Lord knows, Smith, I'm just as tolerant as anybody, and a little bit more so, but if there is one thing I can't stand it's this frivolous, gad-about way of doing things they've got now-a-days.

GORDON. Oh, absolutely. Yes, indeed. (*Sits in chair R. of stool.*)

FORBES. Damn it—they—they play with life—they don't work. And it's not just the young people that have notions. The worst of it is that—oh, well, what's the use? (*He pauses—goes down L.*) That reminds me. I must apologize for not answering that letter of yours. My wife comes into my office occasionally and uses my stenographer—the one that writes English. (*He tries to appear half-joking.*) All day yesterday. She likes to write little stories and movie scenarios. Of course she never sells them.

SMITH. (*Anxious to quiet him*) Well—ah—probably she's just—seeking self-expression.

FORBES. (*With a long sigh*) Yes, I suppose so. She's quite young—Angela's step-mother, you know.

(*DULCY and MRS. FORBES come downstairs. DULCY comes to the men. MRS. FORBES looks out of the window.*)

DULCY. Come right down, Mrs. Forbes. Well,

here we are! No more business now! It's time to play! (*To FORBES*) You know one thing poor Gordon has never learned is how to play. He takes everything so seriously. Now, what I like to do is cut loose once in a while—just be children again. Don't you, Mrs. Forbes?

MRS. FORBES. Yes, indeed—away from everything.

DULCY. Gordon, darling—why don't you take Mrs. Forbes for a stroll out in the garden before dinner—she hasn't seen it yet. (*GORDON realizes this would leave DULCY with FORBES and looks nervous.*) Wouldn't you like to see it, Mrs. Forbes?

MRS. FORBES. Indeed, yes.

DULCY. Gordon.

SMITH. (*Turning up to MRS. FORBES*) Why, of course.

MRS. FORBES. It's awfully good of you. You have a beautiful place here. There are some lovely places in Westchester, aren't there?

(*Exeunt MRS. FORBES and SMITH through the window L. SMITH looks back nervously at the possibilities he is leaving. FORBES has been relighting his cigar. DULCY eyes him with interest, then goes to him down L.*)

DULCY. (*Sits L.C.*) I've got the most wonderful day planned out for you to-morrow, Mr. Forbes. You're going to play and play and play!

FORBES (*Alarmed, crossing toward R.*) Me! Thank you very much—but you know I——

DULCY. Oh, but you play golf, don't you? (*Rises and comes to L. of FORBES.*)

FORBES. Well—ah—thank you. It's been so long since——

DULCY. (*Pursuing him*) You'll love our links—they're wonderful!

FORBES. Yes, but I've been having a lot of trouble with my back lately and——

DULCY. Oh, really! That's too bad! What you need is exercise. It would be the finest thing in the world for you. (*As if perscribing*) Now you play nine holes of golf with Mr. Van Dyck first thing in the morning.

FORBES. But, really, Mrs. Smith——

DULCY. (*Indulgently*) You remind me so much of Gordon—that poor darling. You know *he* gets hardly any exercise at all—he works so hard, the poor boy. I don't suppose he's told you, Mr. Forbes, but he's really got a lot of things on hand.

FORBES. (*Wonderingly*) Why, no——

DULCY. You might just as well know—it isn't only the pearl business. He has lots of other interests, too.

FORBES. What's that?

DULCY. It's really asking too much of him to make him give up all these other things to come into the jewelry combination—that is, unless it were made worth his while. (*FORBES is somewhat surprised and very serious. DULCY effects her master stroke.*) Of course, if he just got sixteen and two-thirds per cent, he couldn't afford to give up all his time to it—no! (*Enter through windows—VAN DYCK and BILL.*) He'd have to look after his other things, too, and you'd be the loser.

FORBES. Why, I didn't know he had any other——

(*Doorbell rings.*)

DULCY. Oh, there's Mr. Leach now! (*Calling. going up c.*) Gordon, Gordon, bring Angela in! (*She sees VAN DYCK, who is at the corner of the piano. BILL is up in the window. FORBES turns R., thinking very hard—sits carefully in sofa.*) Are

you having a nice time, Mr. Van Dyck? We want everybody to have a nice time.

(Enter SMITH and MRS. FORBES through window L. MRS. FORBES goes down toward her husband and sits R.C. Enter HENRY R. and goes up around behind to door L. Exits, leaving door open.)

VAN DYCK. Oh, delightful!

DULCY. You're to play eighteen holes of golf with Mr. Forbes the first thing in the morning. (FORBES is delighted.)

VAN DYCK. That will be splendid! (Crosses to behind MRS. FORBES.)

GORDON. Now—now, I have a suggestion.

DULCY. Well, what is it?

SMITH. Suppose that to-morrow we just let everybody go the way they want to, and——

(Enter L. HENRY, followed by VINCENT LEACH. DULCY swings down to greet him. BILL drops down L. of piano to its end. HENRY enters—closes the door—goes up and around behind and exits R.)

DULCY. (With great enthusiasm) Oh, here he is!

LEACH. Mrs. Smith, dear lady—— (VINCENT LEACH is young, very languid, a bit effeminate, and with a modesty that admits he's great.)

DULCY. Ladies and gentlemen, this is Mr. Vincent Leach, the great scenario writer!

(FORBES looks up, puzzled and annoyed. BILL is merely puzzled. VAN DYCK is politely interested. SMITH is all but crazy with apprehension. MRS. FORBES is quite in her element.)

DULCY *passes LEACH over towards MRS. FORBES.*)

DULCY. Mrs. Forbes, Angela's stepmother.

LEACH. (*Enthusiastically*) Oh, how do you do?

DULCY. And Mr. Forbes, her real father.
(FORBES *rises slowly—his dislike has been immediate and intense. LEACH does all the bowing.*)
And Mr. Van Dyck. (*They bow.*) You've met Gordon, haven't you? (LEACH *shakes SMITH'S hand.*) And my brother, Willie.

BILL. Parker—William.

DULCY. (ANGELA and STERRETT *appear in windows*) Oh, here she is! Well—— (*She leads ANGELA down to LEACH.*)

ANGELA. Why, Mr. Leach!

LEACH. Miss Forbes!

(STERRETT *comes down to behind them, glowering.*
DULCY is L. of ANGELA.)

STERRETT. (*With cold emphasis*) How do you do, Leach?

LEACH. Oh, how are you?

DULCY. Didn't I tell you I'd have a surprise for you?

FORBES. (*To ANGELA, as she stands with her hand still in LEACH'S, to STERRETT'S great annoyance*) Oh, then you've met Mr. Leach before?

ANGELA. Oh, yes.

DULCY. Why, didn't you know about it? Mr. Leach showed us through his studio the other day. (*Anxious to claim all credit.*) He almost kidnapped your Angela, and made a motion picture star out of her.

FORBES. (*Not quite succeeding in being pleasant about it*) Oh, is that so?

(SMITH sits in chair L.C.)

DULCY. We saw his new picture being taken. Oh, tell us about it, Mr. Leach! (*Whispering loudly to everyone*) Mr. Leach is a scenario writer—a scenario writer.

LEACH. (*Correcting her*) If you will pardon me, not a scenario writer—scenarist—really.

BILL. (*In mock comprehension*) Oh, scenarist!

LEACH. It's the more modern term. The scenarist of to-day is quite different from the scenario writer of yesterday.

DULCY. (*In her element*) Mr. Leach says the motion picture business is still in its infancy.

LEACH. The surface has hardly been scratched. The possibilities are enormous, and the demand for new people—new writers—— (*He turns to MRS. FORBES.*) Oh! Mrs. Smith tells me that *you* are writing for the films, my dear Mrs. Forbes!

MRS. FORBES. Well, I'm—trying to——

LEACH. Well, you go on writing—don't give up—don't let anyone discourage you. (*FORBES turns away with a mild attack of apoplexy.*) That was my experience. I just kept on and on until—well, you see.

BILL. What?

DULCY. (*In a quick aside*) You shut up, Willie!

LEACH. (*To MRS. FORBES*) Yes, you just keep on writing. (*Then generously taking them all in.*) All of you—and go and see the pictures. (*To those on his L.*) See them and see them and see them. (*To MRS. FORBES and VAN DYCK.*) Study them! (*To MR. FORBES.*) Learn how they're made! Now, in my last picture, "The Sacred Love"—you've all seen that, I take it?

DULCY. Oh, yes—a wonderful picture!

MRS. FORBES. Yes!

ANGELA. I saw it twice. Once with you, Tom.

STERRETT. (*In surprise and dismay*) Was *that* his picture?

LEACH. There were some points in *that*—did you see it, Mr. Forbes?

FORBES. (*Wild within*) No, I—I don't believe I did.

LEACH. Really! You must come to one of our trade showings at the Hotel Astor——

FORBES. What?

LEACH. Just a moment. (*Consults notebook.*) At the Hotel Astor, next Tuesday, at 3:30. Of course, it's—it's only a little thing. We're going to do some big things later. The possibilities——

BILL. Are enormous.

LEACH. (*Falling for it*) Oh, *very* big . . . you'd be surprised! Yes, we're going to do some of Shakespeare's things next.

DULCY. Shakespeare's? Well—— (*Her arms are around her husband's shoulders and she shakes him to pick up the cue.*)

GORDON. (*Coming to. He has previously been watching FORBES—and suffering when FORBES suffered.*) Really!

LEACH. Yes, I'm at work on this continuity now. I was telling my director yesterday—I said, you know, Shakespeare had a tremendous feeling for plot. Of course, the dialogue is stilted for modern audiences—but then, you don't have to listen to that in the pictures. But he's still the master.

DULCY. He's going to organize his own company next.

BILL. Who—Shakespeare?

DULCY. No, Willie! Mr. Leach.

LEACH. Yes—the Vincent Leach Productions, Inc. The stock will be placed on the open market very soon.

DULCY. Mr. Van Dyck can tell you how to do it!

He owns lots of moving picture companies—don't you, Mr. Van Dyck?

LEACH. (*Really interested*) Is that so?

VAN DYCK. (*Modestly, as always*) Well, I'm interested—in a small way.

LEACH. I'd enjoy talking to you about it later. (*To MR. FORBES*) And how about you, Mr. Forbes? Didn't I hear that you were interested in pictures?

FORBES. (*Turning away and smothering the line*) I don't care a damn about pictures.

LEACH. (*Not believing his ears*) What's that?

FORBES. I said, I make jewelry.

LEACH. Well, of course, that's very necessary, too, in its way.

(*FORBES' mouth opens—GORDON rises hurriedly and touches his wife.*)

GORDON. Dulcy!

DULCY. Ah—let's play a rubber of bridge before dinner! It's so nice and soothing. (*Patting LEACH for fear he has been offended.*) Let me see—(*Crossing to MR. FORBES.*) Mr. Forbes, you play bridge, don't you?

FORBES. No, I'm afraid not.

DULCY. Oh, yes, you do—you're just modest. Mr. Forbes—(*She is picking the card players out with cool intent.*) And Mr. Sterrett—and Gordon—(*She crosses back to SMITH.*) And I'll make the fourth. Mr. Leach. (*He is absorbed in ANGELA.*) Mr. Leach. (*He turns.*) Why don't you and Angela go out on the lawn and see the view?

GORDON. Dulcy, dear—

DULCY. Where the Japanese garden is going to be?

ANGELA. (*Giving LEACH her hand*) Come on Vincent.

LEACH. (*Putting her arm through his and leading her up L.*) Yes, I'd love to see you framed against the glowing splendor of a twilit garden.

(*Exeunt ANGELA and LEACH through window L.*)

BILL. My golly, the man even makes love in subtitles!

FORBES. I'll see if my car is still in the garage. (*He strides up stage, then turns.*) I'll come back—I think. (*Exit FORBES through windows.*)

GORDON. (*To DULCY*) Now, now, you see—— (*He goes out quickly after FORBES.*)

BILL. (*Up in the windows*) You know, this is probably going to be the first week-end party on record that ended on Friday night. (*Exit BILL through windows.*)

STERRETT. I think I'll go back to my book. (*He goes, door R.*)

DULCY. (*Somewhat weakly*) We'll be starting the game in a minute, Mr. Sterrett. (*Exit STERRETT R.*) Well, I'll get the bridge things. (*Crossing door R. She turns in the doorway, her old self again. Only MRS. FORBES and VAN DYCK are left on the stage.*) Two's company and three's a crowd. (*Exit DULCY R.*)

MRS. FORBES. (*Rising with a self-conscious laugh*) I must go and dress for dinner.

VAN DYCK. (*At her L.*) Oh, please don't go—I've been wanting to have a chat with you. I've been hearing all about you this afternoon.

MRS. FORBES. All about me? From whom?

VAN DYCK. From Mrs. Smith.

MRS. FORBES. (*Moving to in front of sofa*) Oh!

VAN DYCK. (*Following*) So, you see, I was prepared to be interested—even before I met you.

MRS. FORBES. (*Sitting*) And now the disappointment?

VAN DYCK. (*Sitting L. of her*) Oh, far from it. I find you even more interesting than I had anticipated. You have depths.

MRS. FORBES. Are you going to—fathom them?

VAN DYCK. If I may.

MRS. FORBES. And how are you going about it?

(FORBES *is seen strolling behind windows at back.*)

VAN DYCK. That's *my* secret. But tell me first—you've been married just a short time?

MRS. FORBES. Not so short—four years. Why?

(FORBES *comes down into R. window—sees and hears.*)

VAN DYCK. Mrs. Smith tells me that you are becoming quite a novelist.

MRS. FORBES. Oh, but I'm not yet. I only——

FORBES. Is that you, Eleanor?

(VAN DYCK *rises.*)

MRS. FORBES. Yes, dear.

FORBES. (*Coming c.*) Oh!

VAN DYCK. I shall see you later, I hope.

MRS. FORBES. I hope.

(VAN DYCK *crosses up to L. of FORBES.*)

VAN DYCK. (*Attempting to relieve the tension*) I suppose you get a good many ideas for your writings from your husband? (*The tension is not relieved. Exit VAN DYCK through windows.*)

FORBES. (*Looking from VAN DYCK to his wife*) Well!

MRS. FORBES. (*Rises*) Well!

FORBES. What did *that* mean?

MRS. FORBES. Why, nothing!

FORBES. Isn't it enough to have Angela go prancing off with that—brainless—conceited—motion picture jack-ass?

MRS. FORBES. (*Stepping toward FORBES*) Mr. Leach, do you mean? Why, he's a charming man, and very successful.

FORBES. Bah! And on top of it, I come in here and find you—spooning with Van Dyck.

MRS. FORBES. (*Going up to him*) Why, Charlie—how can you say such a thing?

FORBES. My God, didn't I see it?

MRS. FORBES. But, Charlie, dear——

FORBES. I tell you, this whole place is going to drive me crazy. (*He goes down L. MRS. FORBES follows.*) I didn't want to come here, anyhow. (*He goes R. MRS. FORBES follows.*) I had a backache, and I wanted to stay home and rest.

MRS. FORBES. But you couldn't refuse——

FORBES. And instead of that I've got to get up at some ungodly hour in the morning and go out and play golf. If there is one thing I hate more than anything else in this world, it's golf—unless it's bridge or moving pictures.

MRS. FORBES. (*L. of FORBES*) Now, Charlie, dear—when you're here as a guest——

FORBES. If I could think of a good excuse, I'd go back to town to-night with Sterrett, and take Angela and you with me.

MRS. FORBES. (*Alarmed*) But, Charlie, you can't do that when——

FORBES. Don't you suppose I see that woman's plan to throw Angela and that—that film thing together?

MRS. FORBES. But I tell you he's a most charming man.

FORBES. And I tell you, if it weren't for Smith and our business relations I *would* go back to-night!

MRS. FORBES. But, Charlie—you can't be so rude!

(Enter GORDON through window up L.)

FORBES. *(Seeing SMITH)* Sh! That reminds me—— Oh, Smith!

(SMITH comes down to FORBES. MRS. FORBES turns up to the piano.)

GORDON. Yes, sir.

FORBES. Mr. Smith, Mrs. Smith has been telling me something of your other business activities.

GORDON. Other business activities? Why——

FORBES. And it came as something of a revelation to me.

GORDON. But Mrs. Smith couldn't have meant——

(Enter through windows VAN DYCK, who joins MRS. FORBES.)

FORBES. As you may have been aware, my agreement to admit you on a sixteen and two-thirds basis was founded on the expectation that you would give all your time to the new enterprise.

GORDON. Yes, of course, Mr. Forbes.

FORBES. In the circumstances your business and your services would hardly be worth that amount to me.

GORDON. But, my dear Mr. Forbes—you—you don't understand. Mrs. Smith——

(Enter DULCY R.)

DULCY. *(Goes to c.)* Oh, here are the bridge players! Come right in, Mr. Sterrett. *(Enter STERRETT R. and HENRY, carrying card table. SMITH*

turns up stage.) Henry, put the table right here. (*Indicates stage C. STERRETT has gone up behind table R. DULCY goes down to FORBES before sofa.*) You know, I hope you men don't mind playing with me—I'm not very good. I always say I don't really play bridge, I play *at* it. But I do love it, and after all, that's what counts, isn't it? (*She turns back to above table.*)

FORBES. (*Worn out*) Yes.

(HENRY *has brought the chair from extreme D.L. to below table.*)

DULCY. That's right, Henry, put the chairs around. (HENRY *takes chair above stool and places it for DULCY. Then crosses and gets cards from table back of Chesterfield and exits R.*) Now, I think Mr. Sterrett will sit here. (*Indicating chair opposite her.*) I shall sit here. Let's see—that makes you my partner, Mr. Sterrett. You don't mind, do you?

STERRETT. (*Beyond minding anything*) Not at all.

(STERRETT *crosses at back for one final look out the windows after ANGELA.*)

DULCY. (*To FORBES*) He had to say that. You know I'm an awfully unlucky player—I never have a finesse go right. Well, unlucky at cards—lucky at love—— (*Turning to GORDON at her R.*) Lucky at love, Gordie, darling. You're here, of course. (*Indicating her R. GORDON pulls easy chair from over R.C. and sits. He is evidently worrying about what DULCY could have said to FORBES. FORBES keeps turning uneasily for a sight of his wife and VAN DYCK. DULCY starts to deal.*) Now look at me—I'm dealing when I ought to be shuffling! (*She gathers up the cards and shuffles awkwardly.*)

wardly.) Come along, Mr. Sterrett! We're going to beat them! Bring that chair. (*Indicates chair below stool. STERRETT starts to follow her directions. Three more miserable men have never been seen.*) Is everybody happy?

(The curtain starts slowly down.)

DULCY. And somebody tell me—which is higher—a heart or a spade? I never can remember. And do you discard from strength or weakness, Mr. Sterrett? Of course, it doesn't matter—— (*She continues her chatter as—*)

THE CURTAIN FALLS

ACT II

The scene is the same as Act I; the time is immediately after dinner, on the same day. Although it is evening, the French windows at the rear still stand open. The stage is in semi-darkness—only one or two of the lamps are lighted—but a shaft of moonlight shoots through the windows. The dining room, at the left, is brilliantly lighted, and the chatter of many people, with the clink of glasses and the occasional scrape of a chair can be distinctly heard. On the stool R. of the piano, instead of the ash tray, match box and cigarettes, is discovered a five-pound box of Sherry's candy—Ribbon around the box—not loose enough to be pulled off without being untied—and wrapped and sealed in a very crackley paper. The chair above the stool is still somewhat out into the room. The bowl of flowers on the piano has been moved to the L. side, so as not to obscure VAN DYCK when he plays.

Time: Immediately after dinner the same day as Act I.

The stage is bare when the curtain rises, and for an appreciable period only the voices in the next room are heard. Among these the voice and laugh of DULCINEA are clearly distinguishable. After an interval DULCINEA enters from dining

room, a bit furtively and eagerly, and looking back as though she expected someone to follow her. When no one comes in she gives a quick beckoning gesture. MRS. FORBES thereupon enters. The ladies are in evening dresses and all men, except STERRETT, in dinner clothes.

DULCY. (*In excited tones*) Isn't he wonderful?

MRS. FORBES. (*Also flushed with excitement*) Who?

DULCY. Vincent Leach! (*Banteringly.*) Ah, you thought I meant Mr. Van Dyck, didn't you? Ah, ha!

MRS. FORBES. (*Confused*) Why—I didn't know—

DULCY. Now, now! It doesn't take a brick wall to fall on *me*. But seriously, he's mad about her!

MRS. FORBES. (*With just a touch of apprehension*) Do you really think so?

DULCY. And she hasn't taken her eyes off him since he arrived! I tell you, they're in love!

MRS. FORBES. (*Looking off toward dining room*) There is—something about him. The only thing is——

DULCY. I wouldn't be surprised if they became engaged—right here in my house. Wouldn't that be nice, after my bringing them together?

MRS. FORBES. But you're sure it's all right—positive that Mr. Leach is——

DULCY. Of course, I am—he's just the man for Angela. Ssh! Here's Mr. Sterrett.

(*The two women draw up R. against the wall as STERRETT enters R. His hands are deep in his pockets and he is sore. He looks back as he enters, then starts across the room. A few steps further he looks back again, as ANGELA'S laugh is heard. He then stalks out the windows*
U.L. DULCY titters.)

DULCY. He's mad! Let's see what happened!

(They start down as ANGELA comes running on. She is happily excited, being pursued. LEACH follows her, capturing her at the piano, and holding her with her back toward him, giving MRS. FORBES and DULCY a chance to escape into the dining room unseen.)

LEACH. Now I've got you!

ANGELA. And what are you going to do with me?

LEACH. *(Turning her around)* I'm going to tell you—how wonderful you are.

ANGELA. *(Liking it)* Oh, my!

LEACH. You are! You're like a beautiful warm dawn—just your magic presence—

(VAN DYCK and MRS. FORBES enter R.)

ANGELA. *(Stopping LEACH)* Ssh!

VAN DYCK. But surely if one has a talent it should be developed.

ANGELA. Shall we sit down? *(LEACH makes a gesture towards chairs by the piano.)* Oh, not there—here. *(She bounces over to platform of staircase and sits on steps behind the hydrangeas. LEACH takes his place beside her.)*

MRS. FORBES. *(Convinced by now she is a potential George Sand.)* But I'm afraid I'm just a dabbler and always will be. *(Sits L. end of Chesterfield.)*

VAN DYCK. *(Sitting beside her in easy chair L. of Chesterfield)* Ah, but I'm sure you're wrong! You must be wrong.

(Enter FORBES and GORDON R. All of the men, except STERRETT, are in evening clothes.)

FORBES. Well, as a straight business proposition I must say—— (*Crosses to R. end of Chesterfield—Sees his wife with VAN DYCK, and stops short.*)
Huh!

(*VAN DYCK gets up from the easy chair. ANGELA and LEACH remain absorbed in each other.*)

VAN DYCK. Sit here, Mr. Forbes.

FORBES. No, thank you. I prefer a stiff chair.
(*He makes no move to sit, however.*)

SMITH. (*Who has gone up behind table, crosses and indicates chair L.C. solicitously*) Here you are, Mr. Forbes.

(*Enter BILL R. He goes up behind table R.*)

BILL. Everybody ready for a nice musical evening?

(*STERRETT, still sulking, comes in silently through the French windows. He looks around to locate ANGELA, and dropping down L. of piano, discovers her on bench with LEACH. Taking the chair D.L., he pulls it out into the room—faces it squarely toward ANGELA and LEACH. Sits glowering at them. DULCY enters at the same time, and immediately takes characteristic charge of the situation. Crosses to C.*)

DULCY. Well, this is going to be jolly, isn't it? Let's have a little light on the subject. (*She switches on the lights L. side of staircase. Lights full up.*)
Let me see—— Yes, everybody's here.

(*MRS. FORBES, anxious to relieve the tension maintained by her husband, rises, leaves VAN DYCK*

and follows DULCY up c. DULCY puts her arm around her.)

DULCY. I love a big house and lots of company. If only it were a winter night, we could gather around the fireplace and tell ghost stories.

(FORBES has made up his mind to sit and has headed for the stiff chair L.C. DULCY seizes him.)

DULCY. Oh, no, Mr. Forbes—you must take the easy chair—that's for you—yes. *(She pulls him across to it and he protests.)*

FORBES. *(Cursing the conventions of chivalry)* But I really would rather—that is——

DULCY. Now, not a word—I know you're polite and want to leave it for me, but I insist on your having it.

(GORDON, in his attempts to prevent DULCY, has circled around behind table to R. of easy chair. His efforts are unavailing. DULCY forces MR. FORBES into the chair R.C.)

DULCY. I wouldn't dream of anyone else's having it but you. Now sit right in it—that's right—way back. It's awfully comfortable—just the thing after eating. *(DULCY crosses and sits in chair L.C.)*

(MRS. FORBES has seated herself in armchair R. of staircase up c. VAN DYCK is entertaining her.)

DULCY. It'll rest you for to-morrow—for your horseback riding.

FORBES. *(In great alarm)* Horseback!

DULCY. Yes, didn't you hear us talking about it? In the afternoon. We're making up a party to go to the Sound and you're in it.

(Enter HENRY with coffee, on a tea wagon, on which is a large tray with six after-dinner cups and saucers with spoons, a coffee pot and a small tray with sugar bowl and two cups and saucers. He uses small tray to serve. He pushes it across and places it before DULCY.)

DULCY. Well, who's for coffee? Coffee—coffee!

(BILL has wandered over to the piano and has seated himself on piano bench. DULCY pours into the cups on small tray.)

DULCY. It's a lovely ride to the Sound. You'll go, won't you, Mr. Van Dyck?

VAN DYCK. *(With MRS. FORBES)* What's that? Oh, yes—yes, indeed. *(He has stepped down toward DULCY.)*

DULCY. *(Whispering)* You and Mrs. Forbes can go together.

(VAN DYCK returns to MRS. FORBES. FORBES has been turning around to locate his wife and daughter.)

DULCY. I'll ride with Mr. Forbes. Here you are, Henry.

(HENRY serves coffee to MRS. FORBES and VAN DYCK. After SMITH'S unsuccessful attempt to prevent MR. FORBES being forced into the easy chair, he has gone to desk up R. and taken from drawer a small leather pouch containing a string of pearls and some loose pearls. He then comes down and seats himself on L. end of Chesterfield. He has been waiting for a chance to call FORBES' attention to the pearls, and as FORBES

turns to look over R. shoulder for a better view of MRS. FORBES, SMITH seizes the opportunity.)

GORDON. (*To FORBES*) Now this was what I wanted to show you. These are our Number Three's. We are turning these out at an extremely low price, and the German formula can't touch them. Just examine these.

(*FORBES puts on glasses and does so. HENRY returns for two more coffees; he offers one to FORBES, who refuses. He then takes one around to SMITH, who removes it from tray and puts it on table behind him.*)

DULCY. We're going to have a lovely day for it to-morrow. Did you see that sunset? Angela, you and Mr. Leach are to go along, too. And Mr. Sterrett—where is that Mr. Sterrett?

(*BILL, at piano, hits a jealous note.*)

STERRETT. (*Behind her*) I'm here.

DULCY. Oh! There you are! I'd almost forgotten you.

STERRETT. (*Submerged in the gloom*) That's all right.

DULCY. It's too bad you can't stay over, Mr. Sterrett. I'm sure you'd enjoy it.

(*HENRY serves ANGELA and LEACH, who both accept. His offers to BILL and STERRETT are refused.*)

DULCY. You know, the paper says rain for to-morrow, but it's always wrong. I have the worst luck with the weather whenever I go any place. When I take my umbrella it never rains, and if I don't take it——

(BILL *has started on a solo of "Chop Sticks" as an anodyne.*)

DULCY. Come away from the piano, Willie. . . . Mr. Van Dyck is going to play us something—aren't you, Mr. Van Dyck?

VAN DYCK. Why—ah—a little later.

(BILL *starts another one-finger solo.*)

GORDON. If you'll examine those you'll see that they are the same grain and luster as the Hammond Number Six.

DULCY. Oh, do stop, Willie!

FORBES. Mmm. (*A pause.*) Angela! (*There is no answer.*) Angela!

ANGELA. (*Coming to*) Yes, Father.

FORBES. Just let me see those pearls of yours for a minute, will you?

ANGELA. Yes, Father.

(ANGELA and LEACH rise. LEACH reaches as if to remove the pearls, but ANGELA hands him her coffee instead and removes pearls herself. HENRY has just returned from his trip around L. of the piano to STERRETT and steps up to ANGELA to relieve her of the pearls. She gives them to him. BILL strikes a bass note three or four times in warning, rising as he does so. DULCY and SMITH rise, their eyes on HENRY. HENRY gives the pearls to FORBES; DULCY gives a huge sigh of relief. ANGELA and LEACH resume their seat on the bench again. BILL sits again at piano. SMITH sits.)

DULCY. Are you ready now, Mr. Van Dyck—it's your turn!

(VAN DYCK drops down to her. HENRY wheels tea wagon R. above table and off R.)

VAN DYCK. Oh, really, I—I don't think that I should play. Mr. Forbes and your husband would much prefer to discuss jewelry, I'm sure.

DULCY. Oh, no, they wouldn't. Would you, Mr. Forbes? (*He is studying the necklace.*) Mr. Forbes!

FORBES. (*Looking up*) Huh?

DULCY. Wouldn't you like to hear Mr. Van Dyck play the piano?

FORBES. Oh, yes—yes.

DULCY. You see—and I know Mrs. Forbes wants you to play—don't you, dear?

MRS. FORBES. Oh, yes. (*MRS. FORBES goes over to piano, down its L. side to its end.*)

DULCY. And I do. And Willie—— (*Another solo of BILL's is obtruding.*) Get away from the piano, Willie—and Mr. Sterrett. Now, Mr. Van Dyck——

VAN DYCK. Well, if you insist.

(*BILL has moved away from the piano and sits on lower steps of staircase in front of LEACH and ANGELA. VAN DYCK seats himself and starts to play. The selection is the Chopin Prelude, Op. 28, No. 4, played fairly slowly, repeating the 21st, 22d and 23d bars and accenting heavily note just before the rest in bar 24, to betray DULCY into thinking the piece is ended at that point.*)

DULCY. (*Seated L.C.*) What was that little thing you played at Mrs. Kennedy's this afternoon?

(*VAN DYCK starts to play. DULCY listens. SMITH and FORBES are discussing jewelry in low tones.*)

DULCY. No, that wasn't it. It's lovely, though. Carries me right away.

(SMITH and FORBES become audible.)

DULCY. Quiet, everybody—quiet!

(After a look at her they lower their tones, but not enough to satisfy DULCY.)

DULCY. Ssh! (She rattles some noisy bracelets.)

(FORBES turns and looks at her. DULCY giggles at him.)

DULCY. Oh, Mr. Forbes! I thought it was my husband.

(DULCY's wandering eyes light upon a box of candy on stool at her L., the wrapping still on it. She makes a weak attempt to turn her eyes away from it and then picks it up and tears off its paper noisily, whispering across to MRS. FORBES.)

DULCY. Candy that Mr. Leach brought! Yes—wasn't it nice of him? (She removes cover and ribbon, opens box and offers some to MRS. FORBES and STERRETT in hoarse whisper.) Take some! (They signal refusal. She reaches it towards FORBES.) Want some candy, Mr. Forbes? (FORBES looks around, but does not understand. DULCY creeps across to him.) Some candy? Sherry's. Delicious! Molasses! (She is heavily sibilant. FORBES, unable to hear, leans toward her. She reaches the box further toward him. After seeing the candy he refuses.)

FORBES. No, no, thank you. (Returns to his chair.)

GORDON coughs and is hushed. DULCY returns to her seat. DULCY takes a piece of candy from the box and tastes it; does not like it—looks about to make sure no one is observing—replaces it for another. BILL rises, comes down and selects two pieces.)

DULCY. Ssh!

BILL. (*Whispering*) What?

DULCY. Ssh!

(BILL goes up to arm of armchair R. of U.C. LEACH is drinking in the music. VAN DYCK reaches accented note of 24th bar. The music suddenly stops. DULCY drops candy and applauds. BILL steps down toward her.)

BILL. Ssh! (*The music begins again.*)

DULCY. (*In a whisper to MRS. FORBES*) I thought he had finished. (*VAN DYCK strikes the remaining chords. DULCY puts candy on stool, rises and turns up to VAN DYCK, who has also risen. ANGELA and LEACH rise and come down. BILL is behind table R. STERRETT rises.*) Lovely!! (*Long drawn out.*)

MRS. FORBES. It was adorable!

ANGELA. I loved it!

LEACH. (*R. of ANGELA, above c.*) It was—beautiful. It made me think of Araby and the moon-soaked desert.

(FORBES, who has just handed SMITH a cigar from a pocket case and taken one himself, looks around at LEACH. LEACH comes out of it suddenly.)

LEACH. Did you see "The Virgin of Stamboul"?

BILL. (*Promptly*) No.

DULCY. No—I don't believe I did, either. (*The others indicate that they hadn't.*)

LEACH. That's too bad. You know, some of *my* new picture is being laid in the desert, and that would be wonderful music for it.

DULCY. (*Getting an inspiration*) Oh!

BILL. (*Now D.R.*) What's the matter?

DULCY. I have an idea. (*BILL moves toward the door.*) Why not have Mr. Leach tell us the story of his new picture, while Mr. Van Dyck plays the music for it?

GORDON. (*Springing up*) But—but, Dulcy——

DULCY. It'll be just like a moving-picture theatre!

LEACH. (*With fake modesty*) Oh, but really—I don't think that I should—of course, it *would* be interesting.

ANGELA. Oh, please tell it, Vincent! (*She gives a look to STERRETT, who is just behind her and LEACH.*)

STERRETT. Yes, do! (*Turns away upward right.*)

MRS. FORBES. I'd love to hear it, and so would my husband. (*She throws her husband a look.*)

DULCY. Well, now you can't refuse.

LEACH. (*With no thought of refusing.*) Since you demand it.

DULCY. Oh, good! Now everybody take their places. Mr. Van Dyck, you go back to the piano. (*They all take seats. MRS. FORBES sits in armchair below stool. ANGELA moves to chair above stool, her back to piano. STERRETT sits in armchair up c. VAN DYCK takes his place at piano.*) Mr. Leach, you tell him what kind of music you want. (*BILL adjusts chair D.R. nosily and stands motionless and noiseless.*) Be quiet, Willie. Now, I'll sit here. (*Removes candy and wrapping from stool to piano and sits on stool. SMITH has resumed his seat at Chesterfield.*)

BILL. Mr. Leach. (*A pause.*) How many reels is this picture?

LEACH. There are eight! (*BILL sinks into his chair.*) It's an extra-super feature, not released on the regular programme!

BILL. How long does each reel take?

LEACH. Oh, about fifteen minutes.

FORBES. (*Looks up, alarmed*) Two hours?

BILL. To tell it?

LEACH. Oh, no, to show it. I can give you what we call an outline in half an hour—well, three-quarters at the most.

BILL. That's much better—three-quarters. That's fine!

DULCY. Now keep quiet, Willie, or he won't tell it. What's the name of the picture, Mr. Leach?

GORDON. (*Striking match*) We can have a smoke anyhow.

FORBES. Thanks.

LEACH. (*With a winning smile*) Of course, I must have absolute silence. (*FORBES looks at him.*)

DULCY. Of course. Tell us the name of it.

(*SMITH lights his own and, as FORBES is about to turn for his light, LEACH protests amiably.*)

LEACH. I shall have to concentrate, and if there are any distractions——

DULCY. (*Hastily*) There won't be any—tell us the name of it.

BILL. Ask him what it's called.

DULCY. Shut up, Willie!

LEACH. (*Waiting a moment until everyone is quiet*) The name of the picture——

DULCY. (*Lifting an arm and thus rattling her bracelets*) Quiet, everybody!

LEACH. Is—"Sin." (*This to the men.* FORBES

and BILL exchange a look.) "Sin." (To the women.)

DULCY. (Doing her bit) "Sin."

(VAN DYCK starts the *Rachmaninoff Prelude*.
LEACH steps up and stops him.)

LEACH. Not yet. And when I'm ready, just a soft accompaniment. (Starting with enthusiasm.) This is really something quite new in films. I am going to show Sin—throughout the ages.

DULCY. (With anticipation) Well!

LEACH. In the beginning the picture is symbolic. I open with a quotation from Hawthorne—— (For the men's benefit.) Nathaniel Hawthorne.

BILL. (Raising his hand) Who's the director and the cameraman?

DULCY. Willie!

LEACH. (Squelching him) The director is Frank Heming Stratton.

BILL. Oh! (He prepares for as comfortable a nap as possible.)

LEACH. It begins—with the setting out—of Noah's Ark. (He signals VAN DYCK, who starts "Sailing, Sailing." LEACH considers the music for a second, decides it will do, and continues) We see Noah, a man of advanced years. His wife, his sons, the animals—of each of its kind two. We see the Ark setting out upon its journey—we see the waters rise and rise and rise. For forty days it rains. (VAN DYCK changes to "Rustle of Spring.") Civilization is all but wiped out—it is kept alive—and SIN is kept alive—only in the Ark. (At "Sin" VAN DYCK changes to "Kiss Me Again.")

DULCY. (In hoarse whisper to MRS. FORBES) "Kiss Me Again."

LEACH. Then comes a calm—— (VAN DYCK changes to "Morning Mood"—Grieg.) The dove

is sent forth—it returns, unable to find a lighting place. (*Suiting action to the word, FORBES strikes a noisy match and lights his cigar, unmindful of LEACH'S glare.*) And then a second dove—and it returns—and then a third—and it does not return—for somewhere in the great beyond it had found LAND. (*A quick signal to VAN DYCK.*) LAND! (*VAN DYCK goes into "My Country 'Tis of Thee" loudly.*)

(*DULCY automatically rises, ever patriotic. LEACH is about to begin again, looks at her surprised. DULCY giggles her apology, then sits. LEACH continues as the curtain slowly falls.*)

LEACH. Many years pass—we are now at King Solomon's Court—his wives are bathing in the fountain——

(*The curtain remains down for a few seconds to indicate the passing of thirty minutes. A glass of water has been placed on the piano for LEACH. As the curtain rises, LEACH, somewhat dishevelled, is still talking. BILL is asleep in his chair D.R. STERRETT is asleep in his chair U.C. SMITH has fallen asleep in a sitting posture as though he had attempted to be a perfect host but failed. FORBES is the one man wide-awake. He is chewing the stump of a cigar viciously, breathing heavily and seems to be wondering how many seconds he can stand it before he commits murder. VAN DYCK, at the piano, looks exhausted, and by this time is contributing only an occasional chord. MRS. FORBES, ANGELA and DULCY are still "eating it up."*)

LEACH. (*Talking as the curtain rises*) Frances rushes to the edge of the cliff, and, looking over,

sees an inert, lifeless form. The "Weasel" is dead. (LEACH *pantomimes his excuses hurriedly and takes a drink from glass of water on piano.*)

(HENRY *enters R. to clear away the coffee cups.*)

DULCY. Not yet, Henry. How many times—— (HENRY *exits R. after a look at LEACH.*) Yes, Mr. Leach, the Weasel is dead——

LEACH. (*Picking up the story*) And then——then the Zeppelin and Jack's automobile go into the final stretch neck and neck. On——on they speed! We get another close-up of Jack in the driver's seat! We see his face——tense——and putting into the car everything that he has, he forges——slowly——slowly ahead! Then more and more! The goal is nearer and nearer! Back in New York, Charley is seen leaving the Chinese Restaurant! On the corner he meets Fanny, who throws the money in his face. (*For emphasis he touches FORBES' arm. FORBES jumps.*) Then flash back to Jack——nearer and nearer——HE WINS!

(BILL *is rudely awakened and springs up.*)

BILL. What?

LEACH. (*Explaining*) He wins!!

(BILL *returns to his chair and nap with a manner of a man annoyed at being called too early.*
VAN DYCK *strikes a chord.*)

LEACH. Gradually he stops. The Zeppelin makes a landing. Coralie gets out of the dirigible and rushes to Jack to forgive him. Just as he takes her in his arms, her father arrives with the afternoon paper, which makes everything clear and vindicates Albert. Then the father clasps Jack's hand

and apologizes to him for having thought *him* a thief. And to keep the symbolism to the end, just as Jack kisses Coralie there in Chicago, Marc Anthony is shown kissing Cleopatra in Ancient Egypt and George Washington kissing Martha Washington at Mt. Vernon. And so at the end of the Dream Trail we fade into a long shot of Jack and Coralie, once more in their South Sea bungalow, with the faithful old Toota Heva waiting to greet them in the sunset—and fade out.

(VAN DYCK finishes with a loud chord. LEACH is exhausted from his labors. The women rise. LEACH rushes to them, his hands outstretched, anticipating their congratulations. The women take his hands, chattering. DULCY takes his R. hand, swinging to his R.—ANGELA his L. These three move down to MRS. FORBES at end of piano. LEACH gives MRS. FORBES his L. hand across ANGELA. They praise him *ad libitum*. VAN DYCK gets up, raising his arms and exercising his fingers, crosses R., then back and down L. to D.L. BILL awakes and rises, but finds his foot asleep. He gradually wakes himself up by some shakes and half-exercises, and awakens SMITH, who also has to exercise and stretch his legs and arms. STERRETT likewise awakes. FORBES has risen and holds his back. HENRY enters R., clears the cups and saucers, and exits R.)

DULCY. (*When the excitement has died down a little*) Oh, that was the most wonderful picture I ever saw! (*The women echo this.*) I mean heard! Eight marvelous reels!

BILL. What a picture! My God, what a picture! (*Exit BILL R.*)

FORBES. (*Through his teeth*) And now, Eleanor.

they might enjoy hearing one of *your* scenarios. In fact, I'm going upstairs to get one!

MRS. FORBES. Charlie—you—you're not really going to get one of mine!

FORBES. So help me God! (*He starts up. DULCY stops him at the foot of the staircase.*)

DULCY. Mr. Forbes, wouldn't you like to play a game of billiards?

GORDON. (*Pleased with DULCY*) Ah! Now, that's fine!

FORBES. Why, yes, I'm very, very fond of billiards!

DULCY. There, you see, Gordon, darling.

FORBES. I didn't know you had a billiard table.

DULCY. Why, yes, a wonderful one!

GORDON. (*Indicating the door r.*) Downstairs.

VAN DYCK. That sounds interesting. May I look on? (*Crosses down stage and exits r.*)

(*GORDON has gone to DULCY c. and squeezed her hand in appreciation, crossing above table r. to door r.*)

GORDON. (*At door r.*) This way, Mr. Forbes.

FORBES. Good God, why didn't you mention billiards earlier!

(*Exeunt SMITH and FORBES r.*)

DULCY. (*To MRS. FORBES, who has crossed to her l. They are c.*) I think it's good for the men to get off by themselves once in a while—they seem to like it. Besides, I wanted to talk to you. (*She starts to lead MRS. FORBES r., as if to take her away from LEACH and ANGELA, who are lost in each other below the piano, when she first notices STERRETT, who has dropped down l. of chair r.c., as though determined not to leave ANGELA to LEACH. DULCY,*

seeing this, turns to ANGELA.) Angela, dear, why don't you and Mr. Leach go out for a stroll in the moonlight? It's a wonderful night, in the moonlight.

ANGELA. Yes, let's!

LEACH. The moonlight! I would adore it! *(They go L. of piano, ANGELA preceding.)*

MRS. FORBES. You'd better put on a wrap, Angela.

ANGELA. Oh, Mother, it isn't cold. *(Exeunt ANGELA and LEACH up L.)*

STERRETT. *(Taking the pretty rough hint)* I guess I'll watch the billiard game. *(Exit R.)*

(The two women sit down for a gab fest R. of piano. MRS. FORBES is above the stool, DULCY below it. DULCY takes box of candy from piano and puts it on a stool between them. They eat and talk.)

DULCY. Isn't everything going beautifully?

MRS. FORBES. Ah—yes.

DULCY. I think Mr. Forbes is beginning to like Vincent, too.

MRS. FORBES. Do you?

DULCY. Don't you? Didn't you see his face—so tense and excited while Mr. Leach was telling his story? Wasn't it nice, with Mr. Van Dyck playing the piano?

MRS. FORBES. He plays awfully well.

DULCY. Has he said anything to you?

MRS. F. Who?

DULCY. Mr. Van Dyck, of course. Anybody can see he's attracted to you—he's an awfully nice man, and he's one of *the* Van Dycks of Newport—if you ever want to go there.

MRS. FORBES. *(Looking R. in VAN DYCK'S direction)* Oh, is he?

DULCY. Yes, I could fix it for you.

(Enter GORDON and FORBES R. They have removed their coats. GORDON comes to C. FORBES in front of Chesterfield.)

GORDON. Dulcy, dear, where did you put those billiard balls?

DULCY. The what?

(Enter VAN DYCK R. He crosses up and L. to piano, where he sits on bench.)

FORBES. The—billiard balls! It's—a little difficult to play billiards without them.

DULCY. Oh, the billiard balls!

GORDON. Yes.

DULCY. *(Rising, going to him)* Did you look in the pockets?

GORDON. *(Sadly)* There are no pockets on a billiard table.

FORBES. *(Willing to let the whole world go hang)* What's the difference—what's the difference?

DULCY. Maybe I did put them some place—now, wait—I wonder if I could have—no—I put the curtains there. *(A pause.)* I'll come right away and look for them. I think I know where they are. Gordie, you and Mr. Forbes come with me. *(VAN DYCK starts to improvise on the piano. GORDON crosses above table and exits R.)* That's right, Mr. Van Dyck—you keep Mrs. Forbes company. *(To FORBES)* I'm awfully sorry about those balls. You know, sometimes I think I'd lose my head if it wasn't fastened on.

(Exit DULCY R. FORBES, after a look in the direction of MRS. FORBES and VAN DYCK, also goes off R.)

MRS. FORBES. We can go along and watch them play, if you like.

VAN DYCK. (*Still playing*) Do you want to?

MRS. FORBES. Not particularly.

VAN DYCK. Then let's don't.

MRS. FORBES. (*Listening to the music*) That's pretty.

VAN DYCK. I would much rather talk to you.

MRS. FORBES. A clever man can do both. (*Rises and goes to his R.*)

VAN DYCK. But I'm not clever.

MRS. FORBES. You're at least modest.

VAN DYCK. (*Playing all through this speech, which is considerably broken up*) No—I'm not even that. The downright truth is—I'm embarrassed by opportunities. Here I have a moment alone with you—you're perfectly willing to be entertained. If I could play at all well—which I can't—I should dash off something brilliant—now. And if I could talk well, which I can't, I should simply scintillate—for you. But, you see—I'm just mediocre. (*A pause. He continues to play.*) Perhaps I wouldn't be quite so annoyed with myself if it weren't for you.

MRS. FORBES. But you're doing splendidly. You have a most respectful audience.

VAN DYCK. (*Stopping playing abruptly*) Oh, please, not that! You know you're—charming.

MRS. FORBES. And just what is—a charming woman?

VAN DYCK. A charming woman? She's the one I never meet until she's married someone else.

MRS. FORBES. You're incorrigible. Play something more. (*MRS. FORBES goes up to window.*)

VAN DYCK. Oh, no. (*He rises and joins her.*) I don't feel like playing. What do you say to a stroll?

MRS. FORBES. I'd like it. I've not been out since dinner.

VAN DYCK. It's pleasant here, isn't it?

MRS. FORBES. Yes, isn't it?

VAN DYCK. I have a little place like this in the East—in Abyssinia. The moonlight comes down through the trees—have you ever been in Africa?

MRS. FORBES. No. (*They start out through the windows.*)

VAN DYCK. You should go to Africa. I have some diamond interests—— (*Ad lib as they exeunt up L.*)

(HENRY enters R., takes a glance around room, and arranges the cushions on the Chesterfield. As he is replacing the one on the R.C. end, his eyes fall upon something in the easy chair R.C. He picks up ANGELA'S necklace, which FORBES had dropped, thinking he was putting it in his pocket. HENRY, in a matter-of-fact way, puts it in his own pocket and exits up the stairs. ANGELA and LEACH enter through windows. ANGELA is considerably excited. Comes rapidly to below sofa. She speaks with an attempt to be casual which proves that her personal situation has gone beyond the casual.)

ANGELA. It was cool, wasn't it?

LEACH. Was it?

ANGELA. Weren't you?

LEACH. No—I was—afire—afire with love for you, Angela!

ANGELA. Why, what are you saying? (*She sits at L. end of Chesterfield, looking up at LEACH as she does so.*)

LEACH. Oh, those deep burning eyes! The mystery of your hair! (*LEACH pulls the chair R.C., away from Chesterfield, and steps up beside and*

somewhat behind her.) Angela, you're wonderful! I love you! Almost from the first moment I saw you, I've loved you—wanted you—longed for you! Why, I patterned my newest heroine just after you! To be with you is to breathe the perfume of exaltation! Angela!

ANGELA. (*Breathlessly*) Vincent!

LEACH. I am offering you myself—everything that I am—— Oh, it's true that I've knocked about some—— (*Modestly.*) A good many girls have loved me, but I have never loved any but you, dearest. (*He kneels to ANGELA.*) Say that you love me—a little—even though that love is now no greater than the glow of a single firefly in the fading day!

ANGELA. (*Rising*) Oh, Vincent—my genius!

(LEACH rises.)

LEACH. (*Clasping her in embrace*) My sweetheart! (*He kisses her and then holds her off, looking at her.*) My wonder girl! Will you marry me? (*ANGELA'S head drops in assent.*) And the day? (*Embracing her again.*) Love cries for its own!

ANGELA. Whenever you say—Vincent.

LEACH. (*Getting an idea*) Why not—ah—but you wouldn't!

ANGELA. What?

LEACH. Why not now—to-day—to-night?

ANGELA. To-night?

LEACH. Yes—why not—elope!

ANGELA. (*Pleased*) Elope! (*Sober.*) Oh, but mother and father——

LEACH. I am thinking of them. Your father would not understand.

ANGELA. Don't you think so?

LEACH. He doesn't know how our hearts cry for

each other. (*Holding her hands up against his breast.*)

ANGELA. But he might never——

LEACH. Darling, since the beginning of Time hearts have been broken because they were not brave. (*Stepping away, holding her hands at arm's length.*) And think how romantic it would be—you and I stealing away in the night—just we two—together. (*He draws her to him; they embrace again.*)

ANGELA. Oh, Vincent!

LEACH. Angela, dear!

ANGELA. And we'd not tell anybody? (*Withdrawing a bit from him.*) Oh, Vincent, I'd have to. Mother and——

LEACH. (*Quickly*) But not your father!

ANGELA. (*Hesitant*) No, I shan't tell father. But mother—and Mrs. Smith. We'll need her.

LEACH. Just think of it, Angela—you and I eloping! (*They embrace again, cheek to cheek, faces front.*) Won't the world be surprised!

(*Enter DULCY R.*)

DULCY. Oh, excuse me. (*They break—embarrassed, LEACH going L.*) I haven't interrupted anything, have I? (*Hoping to God she has.*)

LEACH. Why—no.

ANGELA. (*Speaking simultaneously with LEACH*) Why—yes.

DULCY. Can I guess it? (*ANGELA nods, too full to speak.*) Angela, oh, Angela—— (*She goes to her, embracing her—swings her to L.*) Oh, if this isn't the most wonderful thing I've ever heard! It's—it's—it's—wonderful, that's all I can say! I'm so happy I could cry! Good news affects me that way. (*She turns and takes VINCENT'S hand, which he has been holding out expectantly.*) Vincent! I may call you Vincent now, mayn't I?

LEACH. Of course!

ANGELA. Mrs. Smith—we're going to need your help.

DULCY. Yes, darling, of course.

ANGELA. Now, it's a secret and you must promise that you won't tell anyone.

DULCY. Why, no—I wouldn't tell a soul.

ANGELA. (*After an assenting signal from LEACH*) Well—Vincent and I—are going to elope.

DULCY. E—elope?

ANGELA. To-night.

DULCY. T—t—to-night? You mean—run away and get married? (*ANGELA nods her head.*) Why—why—why—why—that's wonderful—— (*She grows incoherent.*) That's just marvelous! I never heard of anything like that! It's—it's—why, it's—

ANGELA. Now, remember—you're not to tell a soul.

DULCY. Oh, no, I wouldn't tell anybody, no—How soon are you going?

ANGELA. Just as soon as we can—aren't we, Vincent?

LEACH. Yes! If we can get away.

ANGELA. We want you to help us.

DULCY. Of course. You—you—you—should tell your mother. She'll be crazy to know about it.

(*LEACH signals ANGELA assent.*)

ANGELA. Oh, yes.

DULCY. (*Looks around. Indicates windows.*) I guess she must have gone out there. My, I'm so excited I don't know what to do next! I just feel like jumping up and down! (*DULCY has gone up toward windows. LEACH, well L., holds out his hand to ANGELA, who crosses to him quickly.*)

(Enter BILL R. DULCY sees him and rushes down to him.)

DULCY. Willie, what do you think?

(LEACH and ANGELA start to stop her, but she's too fast for them.)

DULCY. Vincent and Angela are going to elope!

ANGELA. Oh! And you promised——

LEACH. Now you've——

DULCY. Well, it—it just came out before I could help it. But—but Willie won't tell anybody. You won't tell anybody, will you, Willie?

BILL. (Crosses—slowly to ANGELA) You're going to elope? With Mr. Leach?

ANGELA. (Not quite meeting his eye) Yes.

(BILL looks from ANGELA to DULCY, then back. He is genuinely distressed.)

BILL. I won't tell a soul.

DULCY. (Vindicated) See?

ANGELA. Thank you.

BILL. Where are you going to elope to?

ANGELA. Why—where were we, Vincent?

LEACH. I hadn't thought about it just yet.

DULCY. There are lots of places——

BILL. (After a glance at DULCY) How about a marriage license?

ANGELA. Why, I don't know—Vincent? (She turns to him.)

LEACH. (Weakly) Well, I thought we might find some place——

BILL. (To ANGELA) Going to take your father's car?

ANGELA. (Who had not thought about it before) Yes!

DULCY. You could have had mine—but I broke it.

BILL. (*To DULCY*) I suppose this was your idea.

DULCY. Well, I helped.

BILL. Yes, I could tell. (*Again to ANGELA*) Well, after you get this license and find a minister——

DULCY. Willie, you could help them some way, couldn't you? You know where to get a license and everything.

LEACH. Do you?

BILL. (*A pause*) Why—yes.

DULCY. See, that's just why I told him.

BILL. I live in—Bronxville, and I know the borough clerk. We could go to his house and get a license.

DULCY. Oh, that would be lovely!

ANGELA. (*Weakly*) Yes.

LEACH. (*Dubiously*) Yes.

BILL. Yes. Then I could drive you wherever you wanted to go, and bring the car back—that is, if Mr. Leach wants it brought back.

DULCY. You see! Everything is working out fine! Now I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll—ah—we'll—ah—what do you suggest, Willie?

BILL. Is everything ready?

ANGELA. We just have to get our bags.

DULCY. They just have to get their bags. Vincent, now you go out and find Mrs. Forbes and tell her; then we'll all meet in the garage in ten minutes. I'll go up and get Angela's things for her. (*She starts up, then turns to consider.*) Now let me see——

(*Enter STERRETT R.*)

STERRETT. (*Coming forward with attempted carelessness*) Oh, hello!

DULCY. (*Weakly*) Hello.

ANGELA. (*Also weakly*) Hello, Tom.

(*An awkward pause. STERRETT sees that there's something in the wind and that he's not part of it. DULCY has gone down to him.*)

DULCY. (*Coming to the rescue*) There's nothing the matter.

STERRETT. Oh—excuse me! (*Exit STERRETT R.*)

ANGELA. (*Crossing to DULCY*) You don't think he suspected?

(*BILL has turned up to armchair U.C.*)

DULCY. Of course not. I told him there was nothing the matter. Now let's see—Vincent—(*Crossing to him and taking him up into window.*) You go out and find Mrs. Forbes, and then go to the garage and wait for us there. Now, quick, quick! Go right through the tomatoes!

LEACH. (*With his eye on BILL*) Yes, but, you know, I can drive a car, too, for that matter.

DULCY. Hurry up! The less speed the more haste, or something!

LEACH. All right. (*To ANGELA*) My dream woman! (*ANGELA starts toward him. He exits through windows up L.*)

DULCY. Oh—well, now that's settled. I'll go up and get the things, and we'll all meet in the garage in ten minutes!

ANGELA. I'll go with you!

DULCY. No, I'll bring everything out to the garage. If anybody sees me they won't suspect. You know, I'm so excited! Now you two hurry right out! Vincent will meet you there! My, it's—it's

just like times of old when knights were bold! (*She gallops up the stairs. ANGELA looks uncertainly at BILL, then starts out quickly, then pauses—to face whatever he may have to say. BILL turns and speaks quietly.*)

BILL. All ready for the elopement?

ANGELA. (*Crosses down to L. of chair R.C.*) I think—I think you're just horrid.

BILL. Speaking to me? (*Dropping down to above her L.*)

ANGELA. You know very well I am.

BILL. But of course you don't mean it. I'm really being very good to you—helping you out in this way.

ANGELA. Well—well—you don't have to be so happy about it. After all, we—we *are* old friends!

BILL. But that's why I'm glad. You're glad, aren't you?

ANGELA. That has nothing to do with it! (*A pause.*) Of course I am! (*Another pause.*) You're just—just impossible!

BILL. Angela, you told me once that I would never change. You were right—I never *have* changed.

ANGELA. (*Almost in tears*) Oh, I don't care whether you have or not! I think you're positively hopeless!

(*She flounces out through the French windows.*

BILL, left alone, looks after her a moment, then starts up, but seeing someone come downstairs, he pauses at the window. HENRY comes downstairs. He wears a sack coat and is carrying a derby. He seems hurried and nervous. As he turns to go R., BILL touches him on the shoulder. HENRY is very much startled.)

BILL. Hello, Henry!

HENRY. (*Collecting himself with some difficulty*)
Yes, sir.

BILL. What seems to be the trouble?

HENRY. (*Nervous*) Trouble, sir?

BILL. Yes.

HENRY. Oh, no trouble, sir. Have you the time, sir?

(BILL takes out watch, somewhat absent-mindedly holding it too closely to HENRY—then, realizing this mistake, turns away to consult it.)

BILL. Sixteen minutes after ten.

HENR. Thank you, sir. Excuse me, sir. (*Exit HENRY hurriedly R.*)

(BILL stands a moment, undecided whether to investigate HENRY or not, then turns and goes out through windows up L. Enter GORDON and FORBES R. They have their coats on again. GORDON goes to C., FORBES following.)

GORDON. I'm—I'm sorry, but Dulcy—my wife—must have had the table moved for some reason, and then didn't get it quite level when it was put back.

FORBES. (*Highly aggravated*) Oh, that's all right. In fact, it was rather novel—playing billiards up and down hill.

GORDON. Probably I can have it fixed before you go home, and then——

FORBES. (*Crossing GORDON to L.*) Doesn't matter, I assure you. I—ah—I—don't care very much for billiards, anyhow.

GORDON. (*Growing desperate*) Some other time, then. Maybe you'd like to—to look at some new golf clubs I just got?

FORBES. What?

(Enter MRS. FORBES through the windows. She is in a state of suppressed excitement, which becomes more suppressed when she finds her husband present. She has learned of the elopement from LEACH and has entered in hopes of meeting DULCY.)

MRS. FORBES. (c.) Oh, hello, dear!

FORBES. (Sourly) Hello.

MRS. FORBES. (Fencing) Who won the billiard game?

FORBES. (Violently) Mrs. Smith!

MRS. FORBES. Have you—seen anybody?

FORBES. Have I *what*?

GORDON. (Anxious to get away) Suppose I—go and lay out those golf clubs awhile, and—then you can come—later.

FORBES. (Almost viciously) Yes—suppose you do.

GORDON. Yes, yes. All right—all right. (He wipes his forehead nervously as he goes out R.)

MRS. FORBES. (During the early part of this scene she is constantly casting apprehensive glances up the stairs and out the windows.) What's the matter, dear?

FORBES. What's the matter? Why—why—good Heavens, the—the——

MRS. FORBES. (Half fearful that he had learned about the elopement) Nothing has happened, has it?

FORBES. Happened? I should say it has!

MRS. FORBES. (Alarmed) What?

FORBES. I go in here to play a game of—(Viciously)—billiards. I think finally that I'm going to get ten minutes of pleasure out of this week-end, and—and—what do I find?

MRS. FORBES. (Sweetly) Well?

FORBES. (Yelling) What's the difference? (A

pause.) You don't give a darn—you just go ahead carrying on with that fellow Van Dyck.

MRS. FORBES. But, sweetheart——

FORBES. Oh, I saw the way that woman fixed it up for you! And Angela—where's Angela?

MRS. FORBES. (*Nervously*) I don't know, dear.

(DULCY, *carrying two suitcases, comes tiptoeing down the stairs. MRS. FORBES sees her and DULCY wigwags to her to be quiet. FORBES is well down stage, with his back to DULCY and misses this.*)

FORBES. Out gallivanting with that moving picture nincompoop, I suppose. More of that woman's work!

MRS. FORBES. Mr. Leach—do you mean?

FORBES. Yes, Mr. Leach I mean!

(DULCY *has reached the windows. MRS. FORBES is signalling to her.*)

FORBES. Just imagine having a fellow like that in the family—telling you—outlines. And the idea of you standing idly by while he and Angela—— (*He sees MRS. FORBES' signals.*) What the devil's the matter with you?

(DULCY *slips through the windows.*)

MRS. FORBES. Why, nothing, dear.

FORBES. Then stand still! And listen to me. If I find this Leach person actually making love to Angela, why, I'm—I'm going to raise hell, that's all. (*He takes a turn down L. and back.*) It's been nothing but a series of aggravations—annoyances—ever since I came into this house. Eleanor, I can truth-

fully say that in all my fifty-three years I have never spent an unhappier evening.

MRS. FORBES. (*Trying to minimize*) Oh, Charlie!

FORBES. But I am not going to spend another! I am not going to stay here and ride golf and play horseback!

MRS. FORBES. What are you going to do?

FORBES. I am going—home! (*Goes up onto platform of staircase.*)

MRS. FORBES. Charlie! (*Going up and to his L.*)

FORBES. I'm going upstairs and pack! I promised Sterrett I'd drive him in to-night, and I'm not coming back! There's another thing! The way they're treating Sterrett! (*Starting up the stairs.*) Good night!

MRS. FORBES. Charlie—you can't do that!

FORBES. (*Coming back to platform*) Maybe I can't, but I'm going to! You can stay here with Van Dyck and watch Angela carrying on with that Leach person if you want to. BUT—mark my words—if anything comes out of this—if Angela and that fool *are* infatuated with each other, and try to do anything silly—I don't ever want to see you or her again! That—is all! (*He storms up the stairs.*)

(MRS. FORBES looks after him a minute and then, very worried, goes to L. of chair R.C. DULCY enters through windows up L. and romps over to MRS. FORBES.)

DULCY. (*Gleefully*) Well, they're gone!

MRS. FORBES. Oh, I'm scared! (*Crossing DULCY and starting L.*) Can't you call them back?

DULCY. (*Stopping her*) Huh? Why, it's lovely!

MRS. FORBES. No—no! I've got to tell him! If I don't he'll—he'll never let me come back to him! He means it—I know him! (*Comes down beside chair above stool.*)

DULCY. (*At her R.*) Vincent and Angela have eloped and everything's fine!

MRS. FORBES. Fine? But—but—oh, it was all *your* doing! That and—Mr. Van Dyck, and—everything! Charles would never have talked to me like that if it hadn't been for you. (*Sobbing.*) He never talked to me like that before.

DULCY. Why, Mrs. Forbes, dear, you're tired.

MRS. FORBES. No, I'm not! I'm just mad, that's all—mad at you! It's all your fault. If my husband ever knows that—that I knew they were eloping, and didn't stop it, why, he'll—he'll—oh, I don't know what he'll do! (*She breaks down, sobbing, into the chair.*)

DULCY. (*Wanting to pat her and not quite daring to*) There, there, dear. Why, he won't do anything. He'll be the first to congratulate——

(*Enter GORDON R.*)

GORDON. (*Coming toward them*) Good Heavens, what's all this about? What's the matter?

DULCY. It's nothing at all, darling. Just—just—

(*Enter FORBES down the stairs. He is wearing a duster and carrying his hat and suitcase.*)

GORDON. Why, Mr. Forbes!

MRS. FORBES. (*Rises*) Charlie!

FORBES. (*Coming down between GORDON and DULCY.* MRS. FORBES is L. of DULCY. *Still boiling within*) Mr. Smith—I—I am returning to New York—important business. My—ah—wife and my daughter will remain here, I *believe*. I don't *know* anything about them.

GORDON. But, Mr. Forbes, I don't understand.

FORBES. So far as our little deal is concerned, I

—I haven't made up my mind yet whether to go ahead with it or not.

GORDON. My dear sir——

MRS. FORBES. Oh, Charlie—Charlie—I want to tell you something! *(She starts towards him, but DULCY stops her.)*

DULCY. Now, Mr. Forbes, you don't really mean what you are saying. When in anger, you should always count ten.

GORDON. *(Sternly)* What is this all about?

(Everybody starts to tell him at once and all are talking as VAN DYCK enters through the windows up L.)

VAN DYCK. I've got it! *(Seats himself at piano.)*
I just thought of it!

DULCY. Ah—ah—huh? *(DULCY goes over to VAN DYCK'S R.)*

VAN DYCK. You know, that little thing I couldn't remember. It was a little Sicilian love song—it went like this. *(He launches into a pretty little thing.)*

FORBES. *(After a few bars have been played, in great indignation)* Oh!! *(He stalks out through windows. DULCY makes a full turn around, watching him exit.)*

GORDON. Mr. Forbes—Mr. Forbes! *(He follows him out.)*

MRS. FORBES. Charlie—Charlie! *(She follows out.)*

(Watching the others exit gives DULCY another full turn around, and she takes hold of VAN DYCK, who has risen somewhat dizzily.)

DULCY. Oh, Mr. Van Dyck!

VAN DYCK. Do tell me, what's the trouble? Is Mrs. Forbes——

DULCY. (*Shaking her head*) It's—it's Mr. Forbes.

VAN DYCK. Mr. Forbes?

DULCY. He just got angry—for no reason at all, and now he's going back home in his car. . . . (*She remembers the car is gone.*) He thinks.

VAN DYCK. Dear me!

DULCY. But the worst of it is—he's awfully angry at Gordon, and—he won't go ahead with the business thing.

VAN DYCK. Business thing? Is that the—now, I don't want to seem inquisitive, but is that the jewelry merger I've heard discussed?

DULCY. Yes. Didn't you know? I'll tell you all about it! Well, Mr. Forbes was getting up one, and he was going to give my Gordie some of it. (*Her mood changes and she turns down c.*) I hope it is all off—only sixteen and two-thirds per cent.

VAN DYCK. (*Coming to her L.*) Just a minute. As I understand, it was a combination which would have taken in about fifty per cent of the jewelry trade.

DULCY. (*Approaching tears*) Yes, I think so.

VAN DYCK. And now Mr. Forbes is leaving your husband out of it? Is that right?

DULCY. Yes. (*VAN DYCK considers very seriously.*) Why? Oh, dear, maybe I shouldn't have told you. (*VAN DYCK in deep thought, goes down L. and then across to R.*) Oh, oh, I wish I hadn't told you.

(*VAN DYCK wheels with decision.*)

VAN DYCK. Mrs. Smith!

DULCY. (*Dropping down*) Well?

VAN DYCK. Mrs. Smith, I like your husband **very much**.

DULCY. (*Greatly pleased*) Oh, do you?

VAN DYCK. Would he be willing to get up his own merger, one bigger than Mr. Forbes ever dreamt of?

DULCY. Why—what do you mean?

VAN DYCK. Why doesn't he beat Mr. Forbes at his own game?

DULCY. Why—why—I never thought of that. But Mr. Forbes has all the money—and—and Gordie hasn't any.

VAN DYCK. That's it exactly! (*Again in deep thought, he crosses DULCY to L., then turns.*) Now, I've always wanted to take a little flier in the jewelry business. Suppose I financed Mr. Smith—suppose he and I set out to beat Mr. Forbes together? How would that be?

DULCY. (*Incoherent*) Be? Be? Why, it would be incredible—unbelievable! (*Tearfully*) You—do you really mean it?

VAN DYCK. I do. I'll put up my check the moment your husband says the word.

DULCY. (*Crying with joy*) Oh, Mr. Van Dyck, you've—you've made me the proudest woman in all the world! You let me break the news to him, won't you?

VAN DYCK. Why—of course, if you wish it.

DULCY. And to think I introduced you to him! Now what will he think of me!

(*Excited voices are heard off L. MR. FORBES' above his wife's.*)

VAN DYCK. It's Mr. Forbes again!

DULCY. Is it?

VAN DYCK. (*Crossing R., at the door*) Perhaps I'd better go. My golf things are fearfully rum-

pled. Will I find your man Henry through here?

DULCY. (*Following him in front of Chesterfield, but her mind on other matters*) He's around somewhere.

(*Exit VAN DYCK R. DULCY is almost hysterical with happiness. The voices outside become definite.*)

MRS. FORBES. But, Charlie dear, calm down a little, and don't fly off the handle!

FORBES. Handle! Handle, madam! Do you realize what has happened? (*He enters during this speech, wearing coat and hat and still carrying suitcase. Stops short at sight of DULCY. Then walks down to her with terrible calm. MRS. FORBES comes to corner of piano.*) Mrs. Smith. (*He pauses.*) Mrs. Smith, upon going to your garage, I first discovered that my car was gone.

DULCY. Oh, but that's nothing——

(*GORDON appears in windows up L.*)

FORBES. Just a moment, please! My wife thereupon informed me that you had told her that my daughter and Mr. Leach—have eloped! (*He is throwing a terrific emphasis on every word.*)

GORDON. (*To whom this is news*) What!

FORBES. Is—this—true?

DULCY. (*Quaking, but trying to be gay about it*) Yes—yes! You see——

MRS. FORBES. (*Coming down L. of GORDON*) It wasn't my fault, Charlie—honestly!

(*FORBES silences her with a gesture, his eyes not leaving DULCY.*)

FORBES. Mrs. Smith—— (*Turning*)—and Mr.

SMITH. I am measuring my words very carefully. Since—my car—is gone—and the last train—is gone, it seems that I shall be compelled to remain in this house—over night. (*He pauses—his eyes find DULCY.*) I shall—endeavor not to commit a murder.

(MRS. FORBES *turns up and sinks into chair above stool.*)

GORDON. My dear Mr. Forbes, I'm sure this can be fixed in some way.

DULCY. Yes. Of course it can. (*The old DULCY for a second.*) You know, an angry word spoken in haste——

FORBES. Please! (*To MR. SMITH*) Mr. Smith, in the circumstances I don't see how we can possibly get on in business together. I don't like your methods!

GORDON. But, Mr. Forbes——

FORBES. I shall not call the matter off entirely, but any arrangement which we might eventually make would necessarily differ from our tentative discussions as to percentage. (*GORDON starts to speak.*) I'm sorry, but that's my decision!

(STERRETT *comes running on through windows up L.*)

STERRETT. Mr. Forbes, Mr. Forbes—— (*He comes between FORBES and SMITH.*)

FORBES. (*Snapping at him*) Well, what now?

STERRETT. *Your car is not in the garage!*

FORBES. You don't say so!

STERRETT. Leach and Angela were acting awfully funny. If you ask me, I think they've eloped in it!

FORBES. I was not aware that I *had* asked you!

STERRETT. (*Nonplussed by his manner*) But—how am I going to get back to town to-night?

FORBES. *You—might—try—skipping!*

(*STERRETT tries to pass this off as a laugh, but a look from FORBES squelches him. He arranges an exit for himself.*)

STERRETT. Ah—well—I'll see if I can find them.
(*Exit STERRETT through window up L.*)

FORBES. (*To SMITH*) I repeat—the percentage would have to be adjusted. And now I wish you good night! (*He makes for stairs.*)

MRS. FORBES. (*Rising to follow him*) Oh, Charlie, mayn't I come with you?

FORBES. (*On platform*) It is a matter of utter indifference to me *where* you go!

MRS. FORBES. Oh, but, Charlie, it wasn't my fault—really it wasn't! I didn't know anything about it until after they eloped! (*Ad lib.* MRS. FORBES follows her husband upstairs.)

(*When FORBES started to talk business to GORDON, DULCY seated herself on the sofa, smiling with the thought of what she knew and they didn't. GORDON is down L. in despair.*)

DULCY. (*Gleefully*) Gordie!

GORDON. (*Turning and looking at her*) My God, are you smiling?

DULCY. I've got the most wonderful news for you!

GORDON. (*His anger rising*) Is it a surprise?
(*A pause. He comes c.*) Dulcy—Dulcy, how could you?

DULCY. How could I what?

GORDON. You've ruined me—that's all. Ruined me! Dulcy, I'm afraid we don't hit it off very well

—you and I. This thing is too big. Say what we may, it's come between us.

DULCY. Oh, no, it hasn't, darling! Wait till you hear.

GORDON. Hear? Hear what?

DULCY. (*Rising and approaching him*) How would you like—to have Schuyler Van Dyck for a partner?

GORDON. A—partner? (*Going mad.*) More golf?

DULCY. Business.

GORDON. Huh?

DULCY. (*With great excitement*) How would you like to go in business with him, and have Taylor and Robbins and Spelvin and all those other people with you, and leave Mr. Forbes out of it? Get up—a—a—bigger merger than Mr. Forbes ever thought about, because—because you'd have all the money you wanted! Mr. Van Dyck said so!

GORDON. (*Dazed*) He—says so?

DULCY. Yes! Think of that!

GORDON. Here! Wait a minute! (*He goes up c. on step, looks off and returns down c.*) You've—you've been talking to Van Dyck?

DULCY. Yes—just now!

GORDON. And he said that he'd finance a combination to beat Forbes and his crowd—with me at the head of it?

DULCY. He's just waiting for you to say the word, darling!

GORDON. I—I—I—I—I—can't believe it.

DULCY. (*Caressing him as if to restore his senses*) But it's true—it *is*, dear.

GORDON. Why, it's—it's too good to be true. I—I could be rid of Forbes and put the business in for what it's worth. I—I could——

DULCY. (*Excited*) Yes—oh, Gordon!

GORDON. I—I can really do big things! Why—

(FORBES comes downstairs.)

FORBES. Excuse me.

(DULCY and SMITH break, DULCY R., SMITH L.
FORBES is the pathetic sight of a strong man
reduced to tears.)

FORBES. I am sorry—to be compelled to make—another statement. I merely wish to announce—on top of everything else—that my daughter's pearl necklace has disappeared.

DULCY. Disappeared?

GORDON. What's that?

FORBES. In view of the fact that it took place in this house, I thought you might have a sentimental interest. I put it in my pocket not three-quarters of an hour ago, and now——

(Enter VAN DYCK R., speaking as he comes in.)

VAN DYCK. I'm sorry, but I've been all over the house and I can't find Henry any place. (VAN DYCK senses that he faces a situation of some sort.) He must have gone out.

(SMITH and DULCY exchange terrible looks. DULCY is the first to recover.)

DULCY. Henry!

GORDON. Well, I'll be——

FORBES. (Coming down) What's that? Who's Henry? What's he got to do with it?

VAN DYCK. I'll look again, but I'm certain he's not here. (He is about to start out.)

GORDON. (Stopping him) Before you go, Mr. Van Dyck—— (VAN DYCK halts.) And just a second, Mr. Forbes—— (Stopping FORBES, who

has started up c.) We'll straighten out about the necklace later. Mr. Van Dyck, I understand that you have offered to back me with unlimited capital in an independent jewelry merger?

(DULCY sits on sofa, enjoying the situation.)

FORBES. *(Coming down)* WHAT?

GORDON. Am I correct?

VAN DYCK. You are! Mrs. Smith has interested me very much in this matter. I'll put up the necessary capital, provided, of course, we can agree on the details.

GORDON. *(Willing to agree to anything)* Oh, there'll be no difficulty about that. *(With dignity.)* I accept your offer. Mr. Forbes, you said a minute ago that you were not certain whether or not our deal was off. Well, I've decided. It *is* off! I am going to line up with Van Dyck and fight you—fight you till one of us is forced to the wall. But before I do it, I'm going to tell you *why* I'm fighting you! I'm fighting you because you tried to take advantage of me!

FORBES. Advantage?

GORDON. Yes, advantage! By offering me less than you knew my business was worth. You knew I was in a hole, and now you're going to get just what you deserve. You're going to get a first rate licking!

DULCY. Oh, Gordie!

VAN DYCK. *(Anxious to get away)* I—I'll see if I can *find* Henry, but I'm afraid he's gone. *(Exit VAN DYCK R.)*

FORBES. All right. Make your fine speeches, but when you talk about fighting, don't forget that I can fight, too. And before you win, you're going to know that you've been in a *real fight*! Remember that! *(Exit FORBES upstairs.)*

DULCY. (*Rising and going to GORDON*) Gordie, darling, you were wonderful! (*Embraces him.*) But the necklace! Do you think Henry—

GORDON. (*Impatiently*) What's the difference whether he did or not? I feel like a new man. (*He turns down L.*)

DULCY. (C.) Gordie, you see—I *was* of some use after all.

GORDON. Use! You were wonderful! (*Taking her in his arms.*) The best—the finest little wife in the world. (*He kisses her.*) I'm going to beat Forbes, dear—I'm going to succeed—and I'll owe it all to you.

DULCY. Wasn't it lucky, my finding Mr. Van Dyck?

GORDON. Lucky! It was an inspiration!

DULCY. And I *am* a real helpmate?

GORDON. My darling! (*She is again in his arms.*)

DULCY. My Gordie! (*The doorbell rings.*) That's the doorbell. You'll have to answer it, darling, since Henry isn't here.

GORDON. One of the neighbors, probably. (*He goes out L., leaving door open.*)

DULCY. Oh, Henry!

(*GORDON'S and PATTERSON'S voices are heard off stage.*)

PATTERSON. Is this Mr. Smith's house?

GORDON. I am Mr. Smith.

PATTERSON. Can I speak to you a moment on a rather important matter?

GORDON. Won't you step in?

(*Enter BLAIR PATTERSON L. A man somewhat under middle age, well groomed, and with quite an air of authority. He makes a good impression. GORDON follows him on, closing the door.*)

GORDON. Ah—my wife.

PATTERSON. (*Coming to DULCY*) How do you do, Mrs. Smith? I must apologize for calling at this hour. My name is Patterson—Blair Patterson.

GORDON. (*Coming to PATTERSON and recognizing the name*) Oh, the attorney!

PATTERSON. Yes. I was referred to you by Mrs. Kennedy.

DULCY. Oh, across the street?

PATTERSON. Ah—yes. She said you had—guests. I just wondered if—among them—there is a Mr.—Morgan? Can you tell me?

GORDON. Morgan? Why, no.

DULCY. No.

PATTERSON. Well—is there a Mr. Ford?

GORDON. No. He's not here either.

PATTERSON. Mr.—Vanderbilt?

GORDON. (*Somewhat flattered*) Vanderbilt? No.

PATTERSON. Mr.—Astor?

GORDON. (*More flattered and somewhat surprised*) No. I don't understand.

PATTERSON. H'm. Well, let me ask you—is one of your guests—tall, good-looking, plays the piano, interested in various—ah—investments——?

DULCY. (*Proudly*) Oh, you mean Schuyler Van Dyck?

PATTERSON. (*Thoughtfully*) Schuyler—Van Dyck.

DULCY. He's here..

PATTERSON. (*Slowly*) Yes, I think I do mean Schuyler Van Dyck. I'm his cousin. (*GORDON and DULCY exclaim cordially.*) I—I've come for him.

DULCY. Come for him?

PATTERSON. Yes. His real name is Patterson—Horace Patterson. He has an hallucination that

he's a millionaire. Goes round forming big companies—— But I assure you he's perfectly harmless. (*He taps his head significantly as—*)

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Act III

The scene is the same; the time is the following morning. The windows are open and bright morning sunlight is pouring into the room.

The curtain rises on a bare stage, and after a second FORBES comes downstairs. He is utterly broken. After throwing a hard look toward the easy chair R.C., he sits stiff and upright in the side chair L.C., groaning as he sits. He takes out his cigar case; it is empty; with a growl he rises and looks in humidor on table R. There is nothing there. He glances around room on R. side, then crossing L., looks over the possibilities on top of piano. There is no hope. He sits again in the same chair.

STERRETT comes tripping down the stairs.

STERRETT. (*Blithely*) Good morning, Chief!

FORBES. Got anything to smoke?

STERRETT. Oh, sure. (*He hauls out his cigarette case and opens it.*)

FORBES. I meant a cigar.

STERRETT. Oh—just a minute. (*He goes for humidor on table R., as though FORBES were certain to be supplied.*)

FORBES. There's none there. None any place. Mrs. Smith probably discovered that I like cigars.

STERRETT. (*Coming to c.*) Haven't you any in your room?

FORBES. Yes, but—ah—I don't want to disturb Mrs. Forbes.

STERRETT. Oh. I thought you had separate rooms.

FORBES. (*Viciously*) No. We have the bridal suite.

STERRETT. Well, Mrs. Forbes must be up by this time. Why don't you go up and——

FORBES. (*Rising, looking around*) Sterrett.

STERRETT. Yes, Chief.

FORBES. (*Stepping to him*) I don't want this to go any further—but I did not sleep in the bridal suite last night. I—took a walk until rather late and when I returned everyone had gone to bed. I didn't know just which rooms were unoccupied, so I slept on a couch in the hall.

STERRETT. All night?

FORBES. Now and then. I tiptoed into my room about four o'clock this morning to get this—— (*Indicating his business suit.*) Did you every try to get a suit of clothes out of a closet in the dark, without making any noise?

STERRETT. Why, no.

FORBES. (*Putting hand to his head, turning L.*) Oh, dear.

STERRETT. You're not ill, Chief?

FORBES. (*Sitting*) I wouldn't be surprised. It would be too much to expect to get out of this with just a *mental* breakdown, and a celluloid son-in-law.

STERRETT. Nothing new on—the necklace, I suppose?

FORBES. (*Viciously*) Oh, yes. It was brought back and I'm wearing it.

STERRETT. You're what?

FORBES. Don't you see it?

(STERRETT *makes a weak attempt at a laugh, which FORBES mocks.*)

STERRETT. Oh, Chief—Chief—you certainly have a sense of humor.

FORBES. (*Grimly*) Yes, and at this time of the morning I'm at my best.

STERRETT. But—ah—I mean the police.

FORBES. Huh?

STERRETT. The police were sent for, weren't they?

FORBES. Probably. I asked Mrs. Smith *not* to send for them, so I suppose she did.

STERRETT. Well, if I were you, I'd put them right on it.

FORBES. It may seem impossible to *you*, Sterrett, but there are times when it does *not* pay to advertise. (*Rises, steps to STERRETT.*) You may recall that my daughter eloped last night.

STERRETT. It has been a very painful experience for me, Chief.

FORBES. Well, damn it, you don't think it's been any diversion for me?

STERRETT. (*Hastily*) Oh, of course not. (*Trying to say something comforting, but a great conviction to the thought of LEACH gives him.*) As her father I can keenly appreciate how you're going to suffer.

FORBES. (*Giving him a look*) Thank you. The reason I don't want the police sent for is that I'm not anxious to have my daughter's elopement become public.

STERRETT. Oh!

FORBES. (*Turning L. and sitting again*) I can see the newspaper headlines now—"Daughter of C. Rogers Forbes Elopes With Nut." (*A pause.*) I'm going to have it annulled—quietly.

STERRETT. (*An idea dawning*) Maybe they didn't get married!

FORBES. What?

STERRETT. Maybe they're not married yet! They couldn't get a license last night! I'll telephone—— (*STERRETT starts R. above table.*)

FORBES. They made special arrangements to get a license. Mrs. Smith's brother saw to that. H'm. I rather liked him. I wondered what *he'd* do.

STERRETT. (*Dropping down R. to in front of Chesterfield*) I never trusted him.

FORBES. And on top of everything else, the third member of the family gets the Van Dyck money behind him and practically tells me to go to hell.

STERRETT. Certainly is an unlucky house. What time are we going back to town?

(*GORDON comes downstairs.*)

FORBES. Just as soon as possible.

GORDON. (*Who hasn't slept either. Meekly*) Good morning.

STERRETT. (*Right back at him*) Good morning.

FORBES. (*After hesitating*) Good morning. (*Looks away.*)

GORDON. Breakfast will be ready in a minute, if the cook is still here. (*Crosses to door R. on above line, then goes out R. FORBES not noticing he has left the room.*)

(*MRS. FORBES comes downstairs.*)

FORBES. Mr. Smith—— (*Rises.*) After taking into consideration everything that has happened here since my arrival—— (*He turns at this point and notices SMITH is not in the room, but sees MRS. FORBES. STERRETT has been looking, puzzled, from FORBES to the direction in which SMITH has gone.*)

MRS. FORBES. (*To FORBES*) Good morning——
(*Finishing it to STERRETT*) Mr. Sterrett.

STERRETT. Good morning, Mrs. Forbes. (*He turns up R.*)

MRS. FORBES. Aren't you—going to speak to me—Charlie?

FORBES. I'm speaking to no one. (*Enter SMITH R.*) I will take up our affairs when I get back to the city—if I ever do. (*He sees SMITH.*) Oh, Mr. Smith, I was about to say when you walked away a minute ago——

(*Enter DULCY, down the stairs. She is wearing bright sport clothes and is ready for a busy day, but is somewhat subdued. FORBES sees her and turns away with a growl.*)

DULCY. Good morning, everybody. All ready for breakfast? It's a lovely day, isn't it? Has anyone been out? The sun is shining; it's just good to be alive. How do you feel this morning, Mrs. Forbes?

(*FORBES is below piano L. MRS. FORBES is R. of chair L.C. DULCY is at her R. SMITH is extreme D.R. STERRETT is above table R.*)

MRS. FORBES. I'm rather depressed.

DULCY. Depressed? Well, you mustn't be I have some wonderful news for you. It's a surprise. (*SMITH gets ready to run.*) Who do you think will be here inside an hour?

FORBES. A couple dozen reporters, I suppose.

DULCY. (*Almost singing it*) A bridal party.

FORBES. So they *are* married!

DULCY. Yes. Willie phoned me just now. He said they had trouble getting in touch with the license clerk. I suppose all those people are like policemen—when you want one you never can find

one. Anyway, they got him up at last and they were married at midnight.

MRS. FORBES. (*Romantically*) Midnight!

FORBES. By a Justice of the Peace?

DULCY. (*Going to him*) No, indeed. By Dr. Carmichael—he's one of the finest ministers in Westchester. Willie knows him awfully well, so I suppose he did it as a special favor. Wasn't it nice of him?

FORBES. Yes, I appreciate it.

DULCY. So now you have a genius in the family, Mr. Forbes.

FORBES. Is he returning the car?

DULCY. Oh, of course—they'll be here any minute now—the happy couple.

FORBES. You can give *them*—the bridal suite.

DULCY. But where will you sleep?

FORBES. I shall be returning to town as soon as the car arrives. (*To SMITH*) Mr. Smith, I hope we can have a little talk before I go.

SMITH. (*Meekly*) Just as you say, Mr. Forbes.

DULCY. (*c.*) Now, now, no business before breakfast. Come along—let's all go in before the grape fruit gets cold. (*She returns to FORBES and takes his arm.*) Mr. Forbes. You come in with me.

FORBES. (*Disengaging himself*) No, thank you. I'm afraid I must be excused. I'm not very hungry this morning. (*He goes up R. of piano into windows.*)

DULCY. (*Feeling the rebuff, steps to L. of chair R.C.*) Mr. Sterrett, you'll eat some breakfast, won't you?

STERRETT. (*Always willing*) Why, surely. (*He goes to door R.*)

MRS. FORBES. (*Stepping up toward her husband*) There isn't—anything—the matter, is there, Charlie?

FORBES. The matter? Oh, no! I'm just too happy to eat. (*Exit through windows.*)

DULCY. (*Going to SMITH, who is R. of Chesterfield*) Gordon, darling, you must eat some breakfast. Come along.

GORDON. Dulcy, will you go ahead and leave me alone?

DULCY. (*Going to MRS. FORBES and speaking tearfully*) Mrs. Forbes, you'll have some breakfast? (*MRS. FORBES nods. DULCY takes hold of MRS. FORBES and leads her down R.*) Ah! You know, I'm never myself until I've had a cup of coffee in the morning. (*STERRETT opens the door for them.*) Of course, we're all depressed now, but maybe after breakfast I'll think of something to cheer us up.

(*Exeunt MRS. FORBES, DULCY and STERRETT R. STERRETT closes door. SMITH decides to go out and find FORBES. He starts swiftly up L. Enter downstairs BLAIR PATTERSON.*)

PATTERSON. Good morning, Mr. Smith.

GORDON. (*In worried tones, his mind far away*) Oh, good morning, Mr. Patterson. You—slept well, I trust. (*Drops down to L. of C.*)

PATTERSON. Thank you—yes. (*To GORDON'S R. Earnestly*) I'm very sorry to have caused you this trouble.

GORDON. (*Dejectedly*) Oh, that's all right. Ready for breakfast? (*With a wave of his hand toward R.*)

PATTERSON. Thank you. I'll take Mr. Patterson home with me just as soon as he can get his things together. (*He starts R.*)

GORDON. There's no hurry—any more. Have you—told him?

PATTERSON. No, he hasn't seen me yet. I'll not have any difficulty; it's happened before.

GORDON. He's—a cousin, I believe you said?

PATTERSON. A distant cousin—it's really too bad. Brilliant chap—agreeable—obliging——

GORDON. He certainly is.

PATTERSON. Quite all right. Lives on Long Island with his mother and sister. Just this one hallucination.

GORDON. That's all he has?

PATTERSON. Oh, yes. Now and then he wanders off alone like this, but happily he never causes any real trouble.

GORDON. He doesn't, eh? That's fine.

PATTERSON. It's a little hard on *me*—being compelled to round him up at intervals. I have to divide my activities as a lawyer with those of a truant officer.

GORDON. Yes, it must be hard on you.

PATTERSON. (*Looking about and approaching SMITH*) Ah—if I might ask a small favor?

GORDON. Certainly.

PATTERSON. I hope none of your guests has learned about my cousin's—weakness?

GORDON. I don't think so. (*With a look toward the windows.*) I hope not.

PATTERSON. If I may suggest it, it might be better to wait until I've taken him home, in case you wish to explain to anyone. It will save embarrassment.

(VAN DYCK comes downstairs.)

GORDON. I won't say anything.

PATTERSON. (*Turning R. quickly*) Thank you.

VAN DYCK. (*Noticing SMITH only*) Good morning.

GORDON. Good morning. (*He hurries L. of piano, where he feels more safe, and indicates PATTERSON.*)

Here's a—friend of yours. (*Exit SMITH through windows up L.*)

PATTERSON. (*Turning so that VAN DYCK sees him for the first time*) Hello, Horace.

VAN DYCK. Blair! Why, what in the world are you doing here?

PATTERSON. Oh, just dropped in to say hello.

VAN DYCK. You can't fool me. You've come to make me leave—that's what you've done.

PATTERSON. Oh, no—that is—unless you really want to.

VAN DYCK. (*Aggrieved*) It's very—embarrassing.

PATTERSON. (*Annoyed*) Well, if it's embarrassing for you, what do you think it is for me? I've a law practice to attend to. I'm getting a little tired of—these—excursions.

VAN DYCK. Well, I wish you'd leave me alone. At least a half a dozen times during the past few years you've interrupted me in business negotiations that were exceedingly interesting.

PATTERSON. (*Suddenly suspicious*) Have you been—putting through—something—here?

VAN DYCK. Well, yes—I've been representing my Van Dyck interests. We had all sorts of wonderful things planned. My share alone would have been eight and a half millions. Besides, we were going to play golf. (*Turning away.*)

PATTERSON. Horace, haven't I told you repeatedly that *I* represent the Van Dyck interests? Now, you must let me handle it. You come back to town with me and we'll talk it over. (*He takes VAN DYCK and passes him to his R.*)

VAN DYCK. (*Protesting*) But I can't leave now. If I do——

PATTERSON. I'm sorry, Horace, but you know our agreement. Unless you do as I say, I'll never

go through with that two hundred million dollar aeroplane company of ours.

VAN DYCK. (*Appeased and smiling*) Oh, all right. (*He starts R. as DULCY enters R. Coming face to face with VAN DYCK, she is very startled and uncertain how to greet him.*)

DULCY. Oh, good morning. (*Timorously*) How do you—feel this morning?

VAN DYCK. Very melancholy. (*DULCY sidles away from him up R. of Chesterfield and table and around to C. VAN DYCK, speaking, steps to R. of Chesterfield.*) I'm afraid I must go back to town.

DULCY. Ah——!

VAN DYCK. You don't know how I wish I could stay.

DULCY. Ah . . . ! Well, that's too bad. Still, it's all for the best. You—you must have some breakfast first.

VAN DYCK. Oh, thank you.

DULCY. (*She is now L. of PATTERSON and speaks in a heavy whisper as VAN DYCK turns to door R.*) He can eat breakfast, can't he?

(*Enter SMITH up L.*)

PATTERSON. Oh, yes.

VAN DYCK. I hope we're not the last.

DULCY. (*Calling out after him as he goes*) Oh, that's all right. The last shall be first and—everything.

(*Exit VAN DYCK R., leaving door open.*)

DULCY. (*To PATTERSON*) I had some soft-boiled eggs prepared for him, and some soft milk toast—all very soft, you know. Is that all right?

(PATTERSON, *with a nod, exits R.* DULCY *is about to follow.*)

GORDON. (*Sharply*) Dulcy!

DULCY. (*Turning nervously*) Yes—dear.

GORDON. (*Very seriously*) Dulcy, come here, please.

DULCY. (*Prattling on to cover nervousness at SMITH'S manner*) I—I was just seeing about Mr. Van Dyck's breakfast—Mr.—Mr. Patterson's—I mean. He's—he's all right, really. I mean, of course, he isn't—*exactly* all right, but he's—he's all right for—for what he is—and—I mean—everything *could* be much worse—couldn't it, darling? (*She finishes rather weakly, going to GORDON.*)

GORDON. Dulcy—do you realize—exactly what has happened?

DULCY. Well, I—I don't know—I think so. Oh, Gordie, I didn't mean to——

GORDON. (*Simply and kindly*) You must listen quietly, dear, until I finish.

DULCY. (*Momentarily subdued*) Yes, darling.

GORDON. The time has come when—I must speak—frankly. (*A pause.*) Do you know what Mr. Forbes is going to say to me when he learns who Van Dyck really is?

(DULCY *shakes her head; she cannot speak at the moment.*)

GORDON. He is going to tell me that my factory and my services are of no use to him. Mr. Forbes thinks—that he has been made a fool of, and—he's right. Our future success—depended entirely on him.

DULCY. But—but—we haven't really done anything to him. Just because we—we asked for more.

GORDON. It wasn't—our asking for more.

DULCY. Oh, you mean the elopement? (*She considers. Her feeble brain grasps one small fact about FORBES, and she is rather surprised at the man.*) He doesn't like pictures.

GORDON. That was the crowning mistake.

DULCY. (*Turning R.*) It was me again. It was me as usual. Oh, dear—how will it all end? (*She sits on sofa.*)

GORDON. (*Slowly*) Forbes will probably force me out of business. Then I'll have to start in all over again without—— (*He glances around room.*) Without—this.

DULCY. (*Forcing herself to say it*) And without me?

GORDON. (*Dispassionately*) Dulcy, I love you. (*Moving up to behind chair R.C.*) I shall always love you. I don't know whether it's because you have the soul of a child, or in spite of the fact that you act like one. (*He turns away to C.*) I don't know what the future is going to do to us. You mean well, but you just don't stop to think. (*He is now L.C.*)

DULCY. I guess I don't think—I just think I think. (*Rising and speaking bravely*) I'll let you go, darling—if you want me to. (*SMITH is silent.*) I'm just—all wrong. I'm—a false note. I always wondered how I'd be able to make a man like you care for me—it seems so absurd for a man like you ever to love—a false note. And now—we're finding out—he can't.

GORDON. (*Carried away for a second, crossing to her L.*) Dulcy, we can't end everything like this! You're not a false note—you're a melody—a whole tune. (*A pause. He reverts to his previous mood.*) But I don't know what to do. (*He turns away to C.*)

DULCY. (*Sadly*) I don't think I can reform.

GORDON. No—I suppose not. (*Moving away further L.*)

DULCY. (*A bit hopefully*) I could make out a kind of budget of things not to do—you know, like the one we did for the household expenses.

GORDON. I'm afraid—that wouldn't do much good.

DULCY. (*Realizing that it's old stuff, but hopefully trying it anyhow*) I could make another promise. (*SMITH shakes his head. DULCY pleads tearfully.*) One that would take in everything.

GORDON. Oh, I know you'd try to keep it, but—

DULCY. (*Crosses to him with tears in her voice*) Oh, but I *would* keep this one. Dearest, if you'll let me, I'll promise that I'll never interfere with your business affairs again.

GORDON. But you practically promised that once, and——

DULCY. I mean in any way whatever. Inviting people to parties, and everything. I'll—I'll revolutionize myself.

GORDON. (*Turning sharply*) Dulcy, I don't want you to change yourself a bit. I love you just as you are. (*With desperate earnestness.*) I simply want you to let me handle my own affairs. Promise me that you won't even suggest helping me in business.

DULCY. (*Hysterically*) All right, I'll promise! And I'll keep it! I will!

GORDON. (*Embracing her*) I'm sure you will!

DULCY. I will, I will! And furthermore, I'll do everything in my power to repair the damage I've done.

GORDON. (*Thoroughly frightened*) Repair it?

DULCY. Yes—about Mr. Forbes. I'll go to him and tell him how sorry I am, and see if there isn't something I can do——

(FORBES comes striding in through windows, crossing to c.)

FORBES. I beg your pardon, but it is extremely necessary that I get back to town immediately. Can I get a car anywhere in the village?

GORDON. Oh, but surely—you're not going before we have our little talk?

FORBES. I regret that I must.

GORDON. (*Evidently conspiring to keep him there*) But—I'm afraid you can't get in—this morning. There are no cars to be had out there—so if you'll just make yourself comfortable——

DULCY. (*Spilling the beans*) Oh, yes, he can get a car, darling—— (*Starting off R.*) He can get one right away. I'll phone Kelly. Kelly always has a car.

GORDON. (*Following her*) But, Dulcy——

FORBES. (*Also speaking at the same time*) Thank you very much, Mrs. Smith.

GORDON. But, Dulcy—Dulcy—— (*Turning back to FORBES hastily.*) I'll be back. Dulcy!

(*Exeunt DULCY and GORDON R. After a pause, FORBES takes a turn to L., automatically reaching for his cigar case, which he opens and finds empty. Then angrily starts up c. and upstairs. Enter BLAIR PATTERSON.*)

FORBES. (*Seeing him, stops and comes downstairs.*) Why, Mr. Patterson——

PATTERSON. Oh, it's—ah—— (*In front of Chesterfield.*)

FORBES. Forbes. C. Roger Forbes. (*Coming to him with outstretched hand.*)

PATTERSON. Oh, of course. (*He shakes his hand cordially.*)

FORBES. (*Puzzled and suspicious, knowing PAT-*

TERSON *to be a big lawyer*) I—ah—I didn't know you were a friend of Mr. Smith's?

PATTERSON. Well—ah—no—that is, yes—I—

FORBES. H'm. Came down—this morning, did you?

PATTERSON. Ah—yes, yes. Just—got in. Beautiful country.

FORBES. Isn't it? (*A pause.*) The Van Dyck interests seem to keep you quite busy.

PATTERSON. Ah—yes, yes.

FORBES. I was just—wondering what had brought you, and—

PATTERSON. (*In a corner*) Yes.

FORBES. H'm. (*Lightly.*) Must be—something pretty important—for him to send for you at—this hour?

PATTERSON. (*Crossing to piano*) Well, ah—just a little matter of business, which he thought—advisable— (*He finishes with a cough.*)

FORBES. I see. (*Going over to PATTERSON.*) What I was about to say was—of course, I don't know just what Mr. Van Dyck is thinking of going into, but—ah—if I had a client who was—thinking of *going* into it, why, I'd look into it pretty thoroughly myself. Now, I can give you a good deal of facts about—

(*Enter STERRETT and VAN DYCK R. VAN DYCK closing the door.*)

STERRETT. (*As they enter*) Well, that's certainly very interesting to me.

VAN DYCK. Yes, I—I hoped that it would be.

STERRETT. (*Crossing to FORBES, slapping his hands together*) Well, Mr. Forbes, if you want *me* to handle your advertising after this you'll have to bring it to a different office.

PATTERSON. (*Suddenly suspicious*) What was that?

STERRETT. I've just fixed up a little deal with Mr. Van Dyck. I'm to head his new advertising agency!

FORBES. You don't say so?

PATTERSON. (*With a side glance at VAN DYCK*) Well!

FORBES. That's splendid! Anyone who can join hands with Mr. Van Dyck is a very fortunate person.

PATTERSON. Ah—would you care to finish your packing, Mr. Van Dyck??

VAN DYCK. All right, Blair. In a minute.

PATTERSON. (*Going up to foot of staircase*) Well, whenever you're ready—Schuyler. (*This informality of address registers strongly with FORBES, who has crossed down L.*)

FORBES. Ah—now that we've met, Mr. Van Dyck, I hope we can see something of each other in town.

VAN DYCK. I trust so. As a matter of fact, there are several things I would be interested in going over with you.

FORBES. (*Eagerly*) That so? What are they?

PATTERSON. (*Warningly*) Ah—don't forget—Schuyler—your packing——

VAN DYCK. (*Airily, but going up*) Oh, that's all right, Blair.

FORBES. You were saying, Mr. Van Dyck——

VAN DYCK. (*Dropping down between STERRETT and FORBES*) Well, it just occurred to me that we might have interests which—ah——

FORBES. Yes?

VAN DYCK. Which we might pool to advantage.

FORBES. Indeed, yes. Something of that kind has been in my mind for a long time. Of course I hesitated to suggest it to *you*.

PATTERSON. (*Dropping down to behind chair R.C.*) Don't you think that we'd better be——

STERRETT. Now, there's something I'd like to ask you, Mr. Van Dyck—and I hope you won't mind my—presuming. Ah—do you—that is, what is your attitude—just at present—on the market? Do you look for further declines, or—— (*He pauses.*)

VAN DYCK. (*Importantly*) No, sir.

FORBES. Ah!

STERRETT. That's very interesting.

VAN DYCK. As a matter of fact, I look for a sharp rise throughout the list.

FORBES. Indeed?

STERRETT. What do you base that on, Mr. Van Dyck? (*Quickly*) If I may ask?

PATTERSON. I hardly think you have time to go into that now, Schuyler—— (*PATTERSON comes down R. of STERRETT.*)

VAN DYCK. It'll just take a second. (*Pompously*) The reason that I look for a rising market, Mr. Forbes—is——

FORBES. Yes?

VAN DYCK. Is that a war with Spain is now inevitable!

FORBES. (*Trying to get this straight*) A war with—Spain?

VAN DYCK. Exactly.

PATTERSON. Schuyler!

STERRETT. A war between—Spain and—this country?

VAN DYCK. Oh, no! That's it, exactly. Spain and—Abyssinia!

FORBES. What's that?

STERRETT. But I don't——

PATTERSON. (*Reaching across STERRETT and leading VAN DYCK away to R.*) Come, come. I really must get back to town, Mr. Van Dyck. There's a train that goes almost immediately. (*To VAN DYCK*

confidentially) It's a matter of two hundred millions. (STERRETT and FORBES exchange a glance at the sound of this huge sum.) Sorry to take Mr. Van Dyck away from you, Mr. Forbes—Mr. Sterrett—but you know how it is. We'll see you presently.

FORBES. Certainly.

PATTERSON. Come along, Schuyler. (*He starts up with VAN DYCK.*)

STERRETT. (*Following*) Mr. Patterson, you don't mind if I go up—along with Mr. Van Dyck, do you?

VAN DYCK. (*Turning back to him*) Come right along, Mr. Sterrett. I haven't finished with you yet.

(PATTERSON is now on the platform. The other two work their way up the stairs as they speak.)

STERRETT. No, I didn't think you had. Now, if that April 1st date is O. K. with you——

VAN DYCK. Yes, and I'll tell you what else you can do for me. I have some copper interests out in Montana——

(*Exeunt upstairs VAN DYCK, STERRETT and PATTERSON. FORBES follows up to foot of stairs, looking after them, then turns away down and a bit R., pleased with his thoughts. Enter MRS. FORBES R. Seeing that FORBES is alone, she closes door behind her.*)

MRS. FORBES. Oh—Charlie——

FORBES. Oh, it's you.

MRS. FORBES. (*Approaching a step.* Charlie, it wasn't my fault—Angela, I mean. (FORBES listens in stony silence.) Honestly it wasn't, Charlie. (*She makes up her mind to stretch the truth just a little.*)

I didn't know anything about it until after they'd eloped. Really I didn't!

FORBES. Well, I—I've no wish to be unjust, Eleanor.

MRS. FORBES. Then you'll—forgive me? (*She approaches him a bit.*)

FORBES. You—you're telling me the truth? You didn't know anything about the elopement until——

MRS. FORBES. Until after Mrs. Smith told me.

FORBES. That woman!

MRS. FORBES. Then you will—take me back?

(FORBES looks at her, pinches her cheeks, then embraces her awkwardly with his R. arm.)

FORBES. Eleanor, dear—my little widgie!

MRS. FORBES. (*Sinking into his embrace*) Oh, Charlie, I'm so happy!

FORBES. My dear, this has been a most unfortunate visit.

MRS. FORBES. Yes, dearest.

FORBES. But it has done—one thing for me. I didn't know until I saw you with Mr. Van Dyck how much I really cared for you.

MRS. FORBES. Oh, Charlie—do you honestly? Say it again!

FORBES. I was actually—jealous.

MRS. FORBES. (*Embracing him*) Charlie—how wonderful! (*Drawing away to look at him.*) I'll never talk to Mr. Van Dyck again, and I'll even give up the Smiths if you insist.

FORBES. (*Quickly*) Oh, no, no, no. You must stay friendly with the Smiths no matter what happens. Smith's factory equipment couldn't be duplicated right now for any amount. I've got to have it.

MRS. FORBES. But, Charlie——

FORBES. Now don't go and tell him.

MRS. FORBES. Oh, I wouldn't.

FORBES. I just wanted to be sure.

(*Enter DULCY R.*)

DULCY. Oh, Mr. Forbes, they haven't any automobiles—just now. They said—maybe they'd have one later.

FORBES. To-morrow, perhaps?

DULCY. Oh, Mr. Forbes—I'm sorry—— (*She pauses a second.*) Sorry about—the elopement, I mean—— (*There is no response from FORBES.*) And everything.

FORBES. (*Annoyed*) It's quite all right, Mrs. Smith—quite all right.

DULCY. And I'm sorry about the business deal, too. But it's going to come out all right.

FORBES. What's that?

DULCY. I say the business deal between you and Goldie is going to come out all right.

FORBES. Oh, is it?

DULCY. Yes. Gordie will go in with you after all. Because Mr. Van Dyck isn't Mr. Van Dyck at all.

MRS. FORBES. What?

FORBES. What's that?

DULCY. No—he has something wrong up here. (*She taps her head.*) He only *thinks* he's a millionaire.

MRS. FORBES. Good heavens!

FORBES. (*Keeping calm. A long drawn-out exclamation—thoughtful*) Oh—so Mr. Van Dyck is—not Mr. Van Dyck!

DULCY. No.

FORBES. I see.

DULCY. (*After a pause*) So everything's all right now, isn't it?

FORBES. Oh, yes. Splendid!

DULCY. And it's all right between you and Mrs. Forbes, too?

(MRS. FORBES *smilingly crosses to FORBES and puts her arm around him. He smiles at her. DULCY gurgles with joy.*)

DULCY. Ah—! H'm—! It was sweet of you to forgive her for helping with the elopement.

MRS. FORBES. (*Drawing back with an involuntary exclamation*) Oh!

FORBES. For—helping with the elopement! (*To his wife*) Then you—*did* know about it? You helped! (*He turns to DULCY, who has crept a few steps away R., as if to escape.*) Did she?

(*Enter GORDON R. DULCY sees escape is hopeless.*)

DULCY. I—I——

FORBES. (*To MRS. FORBES*) And you told me you didn't!

MRS. FORBES. (*Sobbing*) Oh, Charlie, Charlie—I didn't very much! And I was sorry I did, right away. (*She tries to embrace him; he puts her hand off.*)

FORBES. I don't care to hear anything about it! (*He turns up.*)

MRS. FORBES. Oh, but, Charlie——

DULCY. Ah! Ah! (*She crosses to her.*) There! there!

MRS. FORBES. (*Turning into her arms*) I feel faint.

DULCY. She feels faint! Come out into the garden and get some fresh air. (*Leading her up into windows and out.*) Breathe deeply, dear. Ten times. One—two—three—— (*They are out of sight and hearing.*)

(FORBES takes an angry turn down L.)

GORDON. (*In front of Chesterfield*) I'm sorry. Sorrier than I can tell you—about all of it.

(FORBES looks at him a second, then starts up c. Pauses. He decides now is as good as any time to talk business.)

FORBES. (*After a pause*) Oh, Mr. Smith—I've just been hearing something from Mrs. Smith about Mr. Van Dyck.

GORDON. (*Scared*) You—have?

FORBES. Yes.

GORDON. (*He grits his teeth*) Well, then of course you know that——

FORBES. Yes, I know. (*He comes down to SMITH'S L. slowly. A pause.*) But it won't work, Mr. Smith.

GORDON. What's that?

FORBES. I'll admit that Mrs. Smith is a clever woman—a very clever woman. (*SMITH looks at him wonderingly.*) But it won't work. (*A pause.*) Van Dyck not Van Dyck. Hah! (*SMITH laughs nervously.*) I might have believed it—if I hadn't happened to meet Blair Patterson down here. No, Mr. Smith! I know Patterson, and I know that he represents the Van Dyck interests. A man like Patterson doesn't suddenly pop up in Westchester to talk business with a man with hallucinations!

GORDON. (*Not knowing just what to do*) Oh! Well, of course you know——

FORBES. You bet I do! I saw it all! You began to be sorry you'd told me about the Van Dyck merger, and wanted to throw me off the trail—eh? Well, you can't do it. I know what's in the wind, and I'm going to hold you to your agreement.

GORDON. Agreement?

FORBES. Well, it was a verbal agreement. As a gentleman you agreed to come in with me and take sixteen and two-thirds per cent, and you've got to do it.

GORDON. (*Realizing this windfall and having difficulty in not betraying himself*) But, Mr. Forbes—

FORBES. You've not signed anything with Van Dyck yet and it was just as good as settled with me. Now, if you don't—

(ANGELA bursts through the windows—still in her evening dress and wearing the cape DULCY was seen bringing to her in Act II. MRS. FORBES and DULCY follow her on L.)

ANGELA. (C.) Father!

DULCY. Well, here she is!

FORBES. Angela!

MRS. FORBES. (*Quaveringly, her hands on ANGELA'S arms*) Angela, oh, Angela!

ANGELA. Oh, Mother—Father!

DULCY. (*Expectantly, as though awaiting a speech of forgiveness from FORBES*) Well—?

FORBES. (*As all eyes go towards him—a short pause*) Are you—married?

ANGELA. Yes, Father.

MRS. FORBES. Oh, she's married! (*She takes ANGELA into her arms.*)

DULCY. She's married!

FORBES. Well—where is your husband?

(ANGELA looks up at him, then buries her face in her mother's shoulder with a laugh.)

FORBES. Answer me, Angela!

(Enter BILL through window up L. He removes his

hat, coat and scarf, tossing them on the piano. He still wears his dinner clothes.)

BILL. (*Quietly*) Good morning, everybody.

GORDON. (*Casually*) Hello, Bill.

DULCY. (*Carelessly*) Oh, hello, Willie.

FORBES. Where is Leach?

ANGELA. (*With a half smile*) I don't know, Father.

FORBES. You—don't know? (*To BILL, who has dropped down to ANGELA'S L.*) Well, perhaps you can tell us!

BILL. (*Shaking his head*) I'm sorry.

FORBES. (*Puzzled*) Didn't you help to arrange this wedding?

BILL. Why—yes.

FORBES. Well, don't you know where the groom is?

BILL. Sure—I'm the groom.

FORBES. (*Staggering*) You're—wh—wh—what's that?

DULCY. Gr—gr—groom—Willie!

GORDON. What?

MRS. FORBES. Why—why—Angela——

(They all come together—there is a burst of excitement. MRS. FORBES embraces ANGELA again, DULCY embraces WILLIE. FORBES and SMITH exchange looks. Slowly the excitement dies down.)

DULCY. Well—well, tell us about it! Good heavens! Willie! Just think!

ANGELA. (*Breaking from her mother's embrace*) It was just the most romantic thing that ever happened in the world! William—William just kidnapped me, that's all! Oh, William! (*She goes into his arms, swinging to his L.*)

(DULCY laughs ecstatically. FORBES crosses to BILL'S R.)

FORBES. (To BILL) Are you a—genius?

BILL. I should say not. (They shake hands.)

DULCY. (To FORBES) He's a broker! Isn't it wonderful?

MRS. FORBES. (Coming down to R. of FORBES) Oh, Charlie!

GORDON. (Still in front of Chesterfield) Well, what about Leach—where is he?

BILL. I don't know.

DULCY. Don't know?

BILL. We started from here together all right last night—but—ah—down the road a piece I suddenly thought my tail-light was out. Mr. Leach was kind enough to get out and see that everything was all right; suddenly the darned thing started. I tossed his suitcase out to him—I don't think you'll ever see him again. (He and ANGELA embrace again.)

FORBES. (After a laugh—slapping BILL'S back) You're pretty damn clever.

DULCY. I introduced them!

FORBES. (To DULCY) Oh, so this was what you were working for, underneath that Leach business?

DULCY. (Suddenly seeing a chance to claim the credit) Yes. (She meets BILL'S eye.) And no—(She evades the issue.) You don't understand women very well, Mr. Forbes.

(Enter HENRY R. with the morning papers. BILL and ANGELA drawn up stage.)

GORDON. (Taken off his feet) Henry!

HENRY. (As though it were all part of his duties) Good morning, sir.

DULCY. (*To GORDON*) Aren't you glad he's back?

GORDON. (*Crossing to DULCY*) But—but—what's this mean?

DULCY. Oh, I forgot to tell you. Henry had to go to town last night—— (*She lowers her voice.*) You know—to report to the Probation Officer. Every week.

GORDON. But—but—the necklace?

FORBES. (*Turning from staring at HENRY as HENRY puts papers on table*) Yes, the necklace.

DULCY. Oh, I forgot to tell you that, too. Henry found it last night and took it for safe-keeping. He gave it to me back this morning.

SMITH. He did?

HENRY. Yes, sir, I found it lying about, so I thought I'd better take charge of it, with so many people in the house. (*Exit HENRY R.*)

DULCY. (*Crossing SMITH, she goes up between BILL and ANGELA, an arm around each.*) It's upstairs for you, Angie, dear. Think of Angie being a married woman, and Willie a married man! Now, Mr. Forbes, you know, sixteen and two-thirds per cent isn't very much—for a relation—(*Looking toward SMITH*)—a brother-in-law.

FORBES. (*Below chair R.C.*) Well, I wasn't very generous about that deal of ours, or very just. Smith——

GORDON. (*Below piano L.*) Yes, sir.

FORBES. What do you say to coming in with me for twenty per cent?

DULCY. (*Dropping down*) Twenty!

FORBES. (*Anticipating further objections*) Well, then, twenty-five.

DULCY. Twenty-five!

GORDON. Dulcinea, that satisfied me!

DULCY. Does it? Well, if it satisfies Gordon— (*She turns to him.* MRS. FORBES *has worked around*

behind table at R. and down, and now comes to
FORBES R.) I didn't mean to interfere, dear. I
never will again. You can rely on me. A burnt
child dreads the fire. Once bitten——

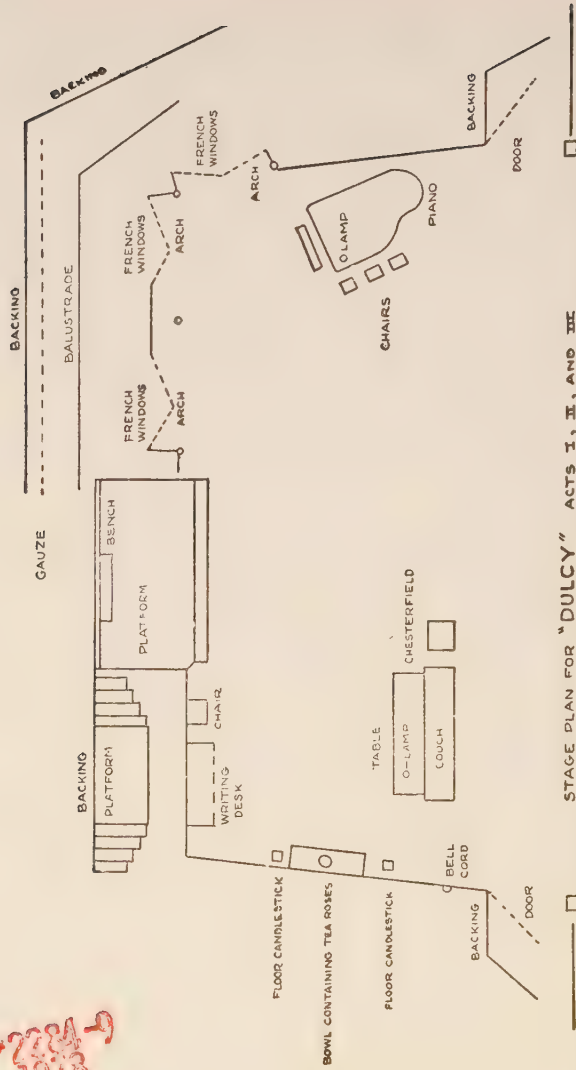
(GORDON *is embracing her and stops her with a kiss*
as—)

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

PROPERTY LIST

1 Prop Vase	1 Lilac Bush
1 Small Bunch of Flow- ers	2 China Vases with Flow- ers
3 Grips	1 Golf Stick and Bag
1 Console Cabinet	1 Glass Vase with Roses
3 Pairs of White Cur- tains	3 Pairs of Silk Curtains
2 Tapestries	1 Bell Cord
1 Large Rug	1 Ground Cloth
1 Couch	3 Pillows
1 Drapery for Couch	1 Long Table for Back of Couch
1 Armchair	2 Candle Sticks and Prop Candles
1 Desk	1 Large Armchair
1 Writing Pad	1 Plain Chair
3 Chairs with plush seats	1 Bench
1 Stool	1 Tea Cart
1 Side Table	1 Small Mat for Door
1 Folding Table	1 Piano Drapery
1 Small Carpet for Out- side Door	7 Prop Books
3 Magazines	1 Humidor
1 Tobacco Pouch with Pearls	7 Daily Newspapers
5 Match Boxes	1 Deck of Playing Cards
1 Candy Box with Candy	Cigarettes and Cigars

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STAGE PLAN FOR "DULCY" ACTS I, II, AND III



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THE MIRACLE WORKER

By WILLIAM GIBSON

DRAMA—3 ACTS

7 men, 7 women—Unit set

This stirring dramatization of the real-life story of Helen Keller is one of the most successful and warmly admired plays of the modern stage. Helen Keller was of course born blind and mute, and nobody knows what her ultimate fate might have been had she not providentially come under the care and tutelage of Annie Sullivan, the Irish girl who had been born blind herself and who was reluctantly hired by the agonized parents of the unfortunate little girl. *The Miracle Worker* is principally concerned with the emotional relationship between the lonely teacher and her blind charge. Little Helen, trapped in her own secret world, is bitter, violent, spoiled and, at first, almost animal-like. Only Annie realizes that there is a mind waiting to be rescued from the dark, tortured silence. Annie's eventual success with Helen comes only after some of the most turbulent, violent and emotion-packed scenes ever presented on the stage.

Price, \$1.25. (Royalty, \$50-\$25.)

GOOD MORNING, MISS DOVE

By WILLIAM McCLEERY

from the novel by

FRANCES G. PATTON

COMEDY-DRAMA—3 ACTS

12 men, 10 women, extras—6 insets

This famous novel about a beloved school teacher has been expertly wrdught into a funny, touching play by the celebrated author of "*Parlor Story*", "*Good Housekeeping*" and other popular comedies. Miss Dove is a school teacher who exercises great influence on the whole town of Liberty Hall. Graduates come back to her for advice. Everyone calls on her at the hospital during an illness. But the richest parents in town bring her before the School Board on charges of undue severity with their son. Helen Hayes starred in a 3-week production of *Good Morning, Miss Dove* at Catholic University in Washington, D. C.

"Sentimental, but never hazardously, thanks to Miss Hayes' crisp control and McCleery's flair for amusing insights . . . Reminiscent of Thornton Wilder's 'Our Town' . . . For all her firm, simple outline, Miss Dove is a complex character."—*Washington Evening Star*. "I like this play. I adore this character. I feel strongly about what this play says. . . . It is moving and exhilarating. Miss Dove, like Victoria Regina, does her job as she sees it."—Helen Hayes quoted in *The Washington Post*.

Price, \$1.25. (Royalty, \$35-\$25.)